

# P O E M S

ON SEVERAL

SUBJECTS

BY

JOHN FERRAR

*Fir'd at first Sight with what the Muse imparts;  
In fearless Youth we tempt the Heights of Art,  
While from the bounded Level of our Mind,  
Short Views we take, nor see the Lengths behind. POPE.*



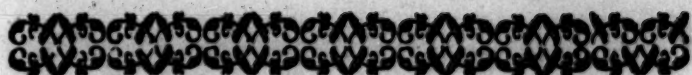
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Judicious may display their Criticism, and the  
Serious their Censure, on the following Pages; but  
if there is any Merit in them, they will please to observe,  
That they were wrote in the eighteenth and nineteenth Years  
of the AUTHOR's Age: They will not, therefore,  
consider them as the Result of mature Thought, but as the  
Flights of a youthful Fancy, penned as an Amusement at the  
AUTHOR's vacant Hours.

Limerick, January 1, 1765.

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N. B. The Reader is requested to excuse and correct any little Error in the Printing, as the Author could not attend at the Press.





THE  
SIEGE  
OF THE  
HAVANNAH,  
HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO  
Mr. HUGH FERRAR  
OF  
*HUNTINGDON.*

✕✕✕✕ A Y, tender Sir, will it revive a tear  
✕✕✕✕ S For the lov'd youth whom you have held  
✕✕✕✕ so dear,

If I describe the SIEGE that fir'd his breast,  
The glorious SIEGE that *Britons* now detest ;  
'Twas there he nobly fought ; his life was spar'd,  
And blooming laurels were his just reward,  
Which flourish still, and will be ever green,  
Tho' the young soldier should no more be seen :

A

But



But I decline his (1) shipwreck to relate,  
 His death how sudden ! How severe his fate !  
 How shall my Muse expand her tender wing  
 To reach the theme, th' heroic theme I sing,  
 Too complicate already to be sung,  
 (My mind disconsolate and weak my tongue)  
 Enough to paint the dismal bloody scene,  
 Where sickness and the sword so much did reign.

AFTER a five years war with the proud *Gaul*,  
 When all their tott'ring pow'r began to fall ;  
 After invasion's empty schemes were crost,  
 And by *PITT*'s wisdom all their greatness lost ;  
 Fearing the little pow'r they had to lose,  
 Driv'n by despair some remedy to choose ;  
 In *Spain*'s full coffers all their hopes they place,  
 With *Spanish* gold to gild their foul disgrace.  
*Spain*'s monarch, lull'd in luxury and ease,  
 Forgetful of the former well-known days,  
 In which the mighty *Drake* their fleet o'erthrew,  
 In spite of all that e'en the (2) *POPE* cou'd do ;  
 Forgetful of *BRITANNIA*'s conqu'ring tar,  
 Declares 'gainst her a short unprosp'rous war.

BUT e'er the *Spaniard* was eight months our foe,  
 Great *GEORGE*'s subjects made the tyrant know  
 Their force ; where th' *Atlantic* rolls his waves,  
 And where each river so much treasure laves.

*Anson,*

(1) Alluding to his son Captain *Hugh Ferrar*, who was lost on the coast of *England*, in his passage from the *Havannah*.

(2) The *Pope* nam'd the fleet, the *Invincible Armada*.



*Anson*, who sail'd the *Globe's* great surface round,  
 Who, by his perseverance, riches found ;  
 Who knew each city of great wealth or mart,  
 Plann'd out a way to wound their tend'rest part :  
 Th' *HAVANNAH* was th' inestimable prize,  
 At once expos'd to British Heroe's eyes.

(1) A general, form'd with ev'ry requisite,  
 That fits the hardy vet'ran for the fight ;  
 (2) An admiral, who made the *Indies* know,  
 BRITONS can conquer wheresoe'er they go ;  
 Are chosen to command the valiant band,  
 Who leave, in search of fame, their native land.  
 The billows, conscious of the precious store,  
 Receive the charge to waft 'em safely o'er ;  
 Triumphantly the boundless main they sweep,  
 (May BRITONS long reign masters of the deep)  
 Swiftly they glide, and at the (3) Cape are join'd,  
 By (4) *Douglas* of a gallant, daring mind ;  
 With troops well harden'd by fatigue and toil,  
 The sun's excessive heat and frozen soil ;  
 Elate with victory they wish to see  
 The place, to prove their usual bravery ;  
 Nor hope they long—for quickly it appears,  
 The object of so many doubts and fears.  
*HAVANNAH's* glitt'ring spires they now behold  
 Adorn'd with silver, and with burnish'd gold ;  
 They see the place, environ'd all around,  
 With all the strength of advantag'ous ground ;

A 2

The

(1) The earl of *Albemarle*. (2) Sir *George Pocock*.(3) *Cape Nichola*, the N. W. point of *Hispaniola*.(4) With part of the troops that conquer'd *Quebec* and *Martinico*.

The strongest walls and forts on ev'ry side,  
 And the great *Moro*, the rich *Spaniard's* pride !  
 Of this possess'd, they thought, but thought in vain,  
 No human force cou'd their great riches gain.  
 By nature fortify'd, and more by art,  
 They thought impregnable was ev'ry part.  
 BRITANNIA's sons arrive to prove their choice,  
 Of nobly heark'ning to their country's voice ;  
*Albemarle* lands, and boldly shews the way,  
 'Tis his to lead, and their's to win the day.  
 A spacious harbour, and a num'rous fleet,  
 Raises the flame that makes each bosom beat ;  
 Each soldier seems, on valour's wings to fly,  
 Resolv'd to gain the prize or bravely die.  
 Soon as they land, the well plann'd camps they form ;  
 Now they prepare to cannonade and storm ;  
 All succour from the country is deny'd,  
 The town is soon beset on ev'ry side :  
 (1) One camp in front, in (2) rear another lies,  
 T' engage th' enemy by a feint surprize ;  
 The grand arrangement thus completely made,  
 By human skill no better could be laid.  
 Had I the genius *Homer* did enjoy,  
 When he divinely sung the wars of *Troy* ;  
 Fir'd with the glorious theme, I wou'd set forth  
 Our soldier's courage, their internal worth ;  
 Unanimous the greatest toil they bore,  
 Dragging the cannon o'er a rocky shore ;  
 Tho' some with thirst and heat's excess drop dead,  
 The rest with resolution gave their aid ;  
 In the most perfect unanimity,  
 The soldiers and the sailors did agree ;                      And

(1) Gen. *Keppell's* camp.

(2) Col. *How's* camp.

And all their hardships serv'd but to increase,  
 A thirst for conquest in each BRITISH breast.  
 The brave commander knew his soldiers might,  
 That they were us'd to conquer as to fight :  
 All things are possible to men like these ;  
 Batt'ries against the *Moro* now they raise,  
 And on the hill whereon the castle stands,  
 To drive the (1) vessels farther from the land.

Now they commence the great hostilities,  
 And the loud cannon rend the peaceful skies ;  
 Incessantly the horrid thunders roar,  
 Spread devastation round from shore to shore ;  
 The distant shores e'en tremble at the sound,  
 And man's vast art, great nature does confound.

ON either side the conflict was maintain'd,  
 But neither side had an advantage gain'd,  
 When the besieg'd a furious sally make  
 By courage urg'd, and their dear gold at stake ;  
 Impetuously they rush upon their foe,  
 Resolv'd to give some great, deciding blow ;  
 But *English* valour forc'd them soon to yield,  
 Leaving some hundreds on the fatal field.

WHILE these great works were carried on a shore,  
 The gallant tars resolve on something more :  
 Brave (2) *Harvey* by repeated courage try'd,  
 Attacks the *Moro* on the northern side :  
 Now opes a scene of wonder and surprize ;  
 For half a day this wooden batt'ry lies

Close

(1) The *Spanish* fleet which lay in the harbour.

(2) With the *Dragon*, *Cambridge* and *Marlborough*.

Cloſe to the fort, and all their fire returns,  
 While either ſide with rage and fury burns :  
 Aſtoniſh'd at the dreadful, bloody ſcene,  
*Neptune* retires into his native main.  
 At length, when ev'ry deck was fill'd with gore,  
 And mangl'd bodies cover'd them all o'er,  
 Unwillingly they left the fatal ſhore.  
 This event made th' enemy's courage higher,  
 From th' other ſide they ſend inceſſant fire :  
 Never was *Engliſh* valour match'd before,  
 Great was the *Spaniard's* brav'ry, their's much  
 more ;

They ne'er had foes 'till now worthy their care,  
 But all their warlike ſkill had trial there.  
 During this time, the brave beſiegers feel,  
 Fatigue and hardſhip inſupportable ;  
 Thouſands together groan with fever's rage,  
 Vain is each art its power to aſſuage ;  
 Spent with hard duty, wanting life's ſupport,  
 To eaſe the wretched, vain is each effort :  
 The ſoldiers, languiſhing in their diſeaſe,  
 Supplicate death their wretchedneſs to eaſe :  
 Impatient, oft they ſend their longing eyes,  
 Hoping to ſee th' *American* (1) ſupplies ;  
 But none appear ; and th' exhausted force  
 To their own efforts only have recourſe.  
 'Midſt all theſe difficulties, this diſtreſs,  
 To what relief cou'd they now have acceſs ?  
 What laſt expedient cou'd their leaders chooſe ?  
 New ſpirits thro' the army they infuſe ;

They

(1) Theſe ſupplies of ſoldiers from *New York* did not arrive 'till after the *Moro* was ſtorm'd.



They rouse 'em up, and set before their eyes  
 The fame they'd gain by gaining that great prize :  
 What monuments of glory they'd raise up,  
 Where art, strength, nature join'd to blast their hope.

Now they rebuild their ruin'd batteries,  
 And soon become superior by degrees ;  
 When they behold th' enemy's works on fire,  
 New spirits they receive, new strength acquire :  
 No one could ever think this gallant few,  
 Cou'd this extensive round of duty do.  
 Flush'd with this small success, with joy elate,  
 Just when they hop'd to tell the *Spaniards* fate,  
 Another difficulty then appear'd,  
 Which damp'd their joy, and which they greatly  
 fear'd :

A ditch (1) immense did round the castle lie,  
 To fill it up no possibility ;  
 But fav'rably a solid rock there lay,  
 To cover it towards the raging sea :  
 Thro' this the miners speedily pass by,  
 Sink in the wall, and all their efforts try.  
 When this was to the governor made known,  
 He makes one effort to preserve the town ;  
 Knowing the bad effects of a delay,  
 Twelve hundred men are sent by break of day ;  
 They climb the hills, and strive our posts to take,  
 But our brave men a bold resistance make ;  
 Such was the warm reception that they met,  
 Confus'd, precipitately they retreat ;

Hundreds

(1) This ditch was for the most part cut in the solid rock,  
 and was eighty feet deep, and forty feet wide.



Hundreds are driv'n in wild disorder down,  
 To take the fatal choice, be shot, or drown.  
 The Citizens now see their falling state,  
 They dread to share the *Moro's* threat'ning fate,  
 Yet make no offer to capitulate. }

At length the long-expected moment's come,  
 That fixes the HAVANNAH's final doom.  
 As when a criminal condemn'd to die,  
 When the appointed fatal hour draws nigh, }  
 Prepares to plunge into eternity,  
 So weak is his belief, so strong his fear,  
 He scarce believes that his reprieve draws near ;  
 Half dead with joy that the glad tidings come,  
 His thoughts of death, for life restor'd make room :  
 Such was the joy that fill'd each soldiers face,  
 Soon as they heard the miner's art took place ;  
 And when they had th' important business done,  
 The massy wall is now no longer one ;  
 But cleft in two : the chosen band drawn up,  
 Swiftly they mount with animating hope ;  
 Quickly they enter, and as quickly form,  
 With sword in hand they now begin the storm ;  
 Furious they spread destruction all around,  
 Here many a gallant man his death-bed found ;  
 The *Spaniards* see their intrepidity,  
 Astonish'd and confus'd they strive to fly ;  
 Hundreds upon the spot resign their breath,  
 The rest cry quarter, and escape from death,  
 The second in command, GONSALES, fell,  
 And must I brave VELASCO's story tell ;  
 Surrounded by his foes on ev'ry side,  
 Fighting before his standard, nobly dy'd ;      Dis-

Disdaining for his life to give one word,  
 Dying, he to his conqu'rors gave his sword.  
 The *English* mourn the brave unfortunate,  
 Who made their toilsome hours and loss so great.  
 The conflict o'er ; thus was the fortress gain'd,  
 That a close siege of forty days sustain'd ;  
 The soldiers animated with success,  
 Their efforts now receive a new increase ;  
 Tho' sickness still rag'd like a pestilence,  
 And the new works require great diligence,  
 Their operations not a moment cease,  
 Against this strong, this well-defended place.  
 When all things were in perfect readiness,  
 Each warlike art, the city to distress ;  
*Albemarle* sends a message to its chief,  
 Informing him how distant all relief ;  
 What preparations to destroy were made,  
 On ev'ry side the city to invade ;  
 Willing, if he wou'd soon capitulate,  
 To save the *Spaniards* from a ruin'd state.

The *Spaniard* saw with dread the coming blow,  
 He knew the valour of his conqu'ring foe ;  
 Yet resolutely sent 'em this reply,  
 " I'll save the town in all extremity."  
 To shew the *Spaniards* to their fatal cost,  
 That all these menaces were no vain boast ;  
 Now they point all their cannon to the town,  
 From the (1) *Cavannos* they pour vengeance down ;  
 Fiercely the bloody siege they now renew,  
 Still they go on, this persevering few :

B

Fell

(1) On this hill which lies on the east side of the town,  
 40 pieces of cannon and 12 mortars were planted.

Fell slaughter raises its dire head again,  
 The *Spaniards* strive the conflict to sustain ;  
 But when their city, stream'd with purple gore,  
 Quickly the terms refus'd, they now (1) implore ;  
 When all their forts and bulwarks were destroy'd,  
 But not 'till then they yield their boasted pride :  
 And now the great, decisive business done,  
*Britons* most nobly fought, the day's their own :  
 They see an end of all their late distress,  
 Triumphant joys their labours greatly bless.  
 Soon as they heard in *Spain* th' *Havannah* fell,  
 The place which they still thought impregnable ;  
 Dejection sits on ev'ry countenance,  
 They curse their tow'ring hopes, their fatal chance.  
 Well might they mourn, for to the *British* crown,  
 Cou'd not accrue more glory and renown ;  
 For with the city our rich en'mies cede  
 An island of extensive wealth and trade.  
 Prime (2) ships of war and merchantmen, a fleet,  
 Add to our fame, and make their loss more great ;  
 But what tho' all their stores of wealth were drain'd ;  
 What tho' all these advantages we gain'd ? Thou-

(1) The city surrendered Aug. 12, 1762.

(2) Nine men of war of the line and four frigates were taken,  
 two sunk in the harbour's mouth, and two destroyed on the  
 stocks, besides a fleet of merchantmen. Whether the *Spaniards*  
 were rendered unactive for want of instructions ; whether all  
 their ships were not in a fighting condition ; or whatever else  
 was the cause, this fleet lay quiet in the harbour. If some  
 of these reasons did not oppose, it may be supposed, their best  
 part would have been to come out and fight our squadron.  
 They were not far from an equality ; and tho' the issue of a  
 battle might be to them unfavourable, yet a battle well main-  
 tained would, perhaps, have prevented the success of the whole  
 enterprize.

Thousands of valiant soldiers there we lost,  
 Better than which no nation e'er cou'd boast ;  
 And if they had *Spain's* monarchy subdu'd,  
 Poor was the recompence for so much blood ;  
 There many a tender parent lost a son,  
 And parent's tears to wives and orphans join ;  
 (1) *Britannia* too will long have cause to mourn,  
 So many went, so few did e'er return.

My Muse has strove to paint the heroic fire,  
 That does *Britannia's* free-born sons inspire ;  
 Fame spreads her wings, and sounds where'er they  
 go,

" *Briton's* were born to conquer their proud foe ;  
 " *Britons* were born their empire to maintain,  
 " Long as old *Neptune* rules the boundless main."

A WHILE I have the carnage theme pursu'd ;  
 And dwelt on scenes of slaughter and of blood.  
 I wish I had no cause t' express the word,  
 To write the hateful epithet ----- RESTOR'D ;  
 All patriot bosoms with resentment glow,  
 To hear th' *Havannab's* given to our foe.  
 But who's the cause, or how our conquest fell,  
 I wish our *Parliament* may make them tell ;  
 Who to their country's loss, for love of gold,  
 Each dear bought acquisition basely sold ;  
 The task to find them out I now give o'er,  
 Or their negotiations to explore.

B 2

Remote

(1) The author has, as they always should be, ranked the two islands under the name of *British*. It would be unjust to rob the *Irish* of the honour they have gained in this, and every other enterprize, during the whole war.



Remote from courts, I wish to spend my days,  
 Safe from the fav'rite's pow'r, the flatt'rer's praise ;  
 To WILKES the patriot's pleasure I decree,  
 To sing of BUTE, of PEACE and LIBERTY.



# SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE pleasing task that I'll begin,  
 With the returning year,  
 Shall be with pleasure thus to sing  
 The brightest of the fair ;  
 To *Zara* each perfection's giv'n,  
 That might make gods descend from heav'n, &c.

The lustre of her beaut'ous charms,  
 Each new year will increase ;  
 Divided sorrow, and all harms,  
 They'll soften into peace :  
 Whene'er the breast is fill'd with grief,  
 Beauty alone can give relief. &c.

Misers delight in golden joys,  
 And Bucks good wine approve ;  
 But surely these are only toys,  
 Compar'd to her I love :  
 Of all the pleasure here below,  
 Love is the sweetest man can know. &c.

Returning mirth shall crown the day,  
 When *Zara* I did see ;  
 Unclouded may it be and gay,  
 From ev'ry vapour free : Let



Let *Sol's* refulgence fill each grove,  
While swains relate their tender love. *Ec.*

Describing numbers are quite faint,  
Or had I *Otway's* aid ;  
Description wou'd but badly paint  
A perfect, lovely maid :  
Virtue's bright charms who can express,  
Who paint fair beauty's sweet excess. *Ec.*

The fav'rite youth who gains the fair,  
Unnumber'd joys he'll prove ;  
His life's devoid of ev'ry care  
But everlasting love :  
The greatest comfort here below  
Is what the sweets of love bestow. *Ec.*



## STANZAS to Lieut. R-----h O-----y

**O** to thee, in whom nice judgment shines,  
Whose mind disdains what vulgar minds  
think great ;

To thee I dedicate these humble lines, [weight.

To steal your thoughts from things of greater  
Great *Sbenstone's* (1) verse I strive to imitate,

*Sbenstone* who sung in (2) *Leasowe's* happy grove,  
The Muses dwelt at his enchanted seat, [love.

But now they mourn ; he's gone who shar'd their  
There

(1) See his *Elegies* in the 1st volume of his works.

(2) His country seat in the county of *Suffex*, described in  
his works by the late ingenious Mr. *Robert Dodsley*.

There O----- wouldst thou not delight to dwell,  
 At such a spot with thy fair partner live ;  
 To raise the beaut'ous bow'r, the lonely cell,  
 And taste the joys that sweet retirement give ?  
 • Pure, lasting joys to what the town bestows,  
 Where riot and debauch so much abound ;  
 But O----- shuns the board that wine o'erflows,  
 Where noise and nonsense commonly are found.  
 Can O----- go to holy *Peter's* cell,  
 (Oh, tasteless town) and sit whole hours at ease,  
 Hear mighty *Manwaring* on (1) *Farg'bar* dwell,  
 And stupid *Jackson* murder *Shakespeare's* plays ?  
 Wou'dst thou not rather study make thy care,  
 And contemplate in silence in your room,  
 Or to (2) *St. Mary's* at that hour repair,  
 And read th' inscription on some sculptur'd tomb.



# CONTEMPLATION on the MORNING. To a YOUNG LADY.

**T**HE grey-ey'd morn diffuses light all round,  
 And spreads her spangl'd dew drops o'er the  
 ground ;  
 'Till from the radiant chambers of the east,  
 The sun comes forth with all his lustre drest :  
 His bright refulgence bounds o'er hills and dales,  
 O'er fields extended wide, and verdant vales.

Gay

(1) The author of the *Recruiting Officer*, *Beau Stratagem*, &c.

(2) The cathedral church of *Limerick*.

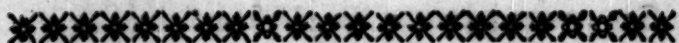
Gay nature joyous at the pleasing sight,  
 Deck'd with her robes, she hails the glorious light.  
 The lowing kine sport o'er th' enamel'd meads,  
 And harmless lambkins seek the tender glades ;  
 While free from care the peaceful shepherd lies,  
 And, on his oaten reed, his efforts tries.

The feather'd songsters warble thro' the grove,  
 A thousand diff'rent notes of tender love ;  
 Harmonious music thrill the woodlands round,  
 While echo makes the vaulted sky resound.

Now in this tranquil hour of smiling peace,  
 E'er riot can forsake his resting place,  
 And spread his clamour with the day's increase,  
 I'll haste away, and seek the rural scene,  
 Where innocence and peace securely reign :  
 And thou for whom I send each wish to heav'n,  
*Artesia*, to whose form each beauty's giv'n,  
 Come, crown me with thy presence in my bow'r,  
 Here health and young-ey'd joy their gifts will  
 show'r ;

The ever-blooming Graces, Sylvan maids,  
 Shall lead you to their blissful groves and shades,  
 Fair as th' *Elysian* fields the Poets sung  
 When heav'nly accents dwelt upon each tongue.  
 Come then, bright maid, while fair's the opening  
 day,

And soft the incense-breathing zephyrs play ;  
 On rural themes, and themes of love we'll dwell,  
 And bid all thoughts of worldly care farewell.



## L'HUITRE &amp; les PLAIDEURS.

BOILEAU Ep. 2d.

UN jour, dit un auteur, n'importe en quel  
chapitre,

Deux voyageurs, a jeun, rencontrerent une huitre ;  
Tous deux la contestoient, lorsque dans leur chemin  
La justice passa, la balance a la main.  
Devant elle, a grand bruit, ils expliquent la chose ;  
Tous deux avec depens, veulent gagner leur cause.  
La justice pesant ce droit litigieux,  
Demande l'huitre, l'ouvre, & l'avale a leur yeux ;  
Et par ce bel arret terminant la bataille,  
Tenez, voila, dit elle, a chacun une ecaille :  
Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au palais :  
Messieurs l'huitre etoit bonne. Adieu, vivez en paix.

## TRANSLATED.

ONE day, an author says, the chapter I forget,  
Two fasting trav'lers did an oyster meet ;  
Each to the morsel did a right demand,  
'Till justice came with balance in her hand :  
While she the subject of their quarrel try'd,  
Each strove, in vain, to gain her to his side.  
Weighing with judgment whose the lawful right,  
She took the fish, and swallow'd in their sight ;  
By this decision did the battle cease,  
But hold, said she, there, take a shell a piece :  
By fools, we lawyers do our riches gain,  
The fish was good. Farewell ; in peace remain.

THE



T H E  
O R P H A N;  
O R T H E  
Happy Marriage.

INSCRIBED TO THE  
G E N T L E M E N  
O F T H E

Forty-ninth, Fifty-sixth and Sixty-  
fifth REGIMENTS of FOOT.

*Ompia vincit Amor & nos cedamus Amori,*



L I M E R I C K:  
Printed by A. W E L S H, 1765.

ORPHAN

OF THE

Happy Marriage

DESCRIBED TO THE

GENTLEMEN

OF THE

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE



UNIVERSITY

OF CAMBRIDGE

# PROLOGUE

Spoken by HENRIETTA.

**L**ADIES this AUTHOR is a very droll dog,  
He needs must have me come to speak a *Prologue* ;

And, on my word, I know not what to say,  
For I'm unskill'd in ev'ry creaking way ;  
But he declares there's something in my eyes,  
That will each angry *Buck* and *Beau* surprize.  
He says that looks like mine his faults will hide,  
And bring the strongest faction to his side.  
We women, like fine words, I must confess,  
But I cou'd with his flatt'ry had been less.  
Here you behold a doating, rich, old cull,  
Of youthful tricks and marriage very full ;  
Lord ! was there ever such blockhead seen,  
That nought will serve him but a lass in teens ;  
To gain her ev'ry wicked art he tries,  
And when all fails he stabs himself and dies :  
But the young soldiers more successful prove,  
They find a way to gain the fort of love.  
Just come from humbling our proud, haughty foe,  
On them our dear affections we bestow.  
They say the *Irish* best deserve our loves,  
Who fight like heroes, and are fond as doves ;  
But we must not forget the honest tars,  
Who bore so great a part in all the wars ;  
Witness the many blows at *Cuba* given,  
How many souls they sent to *Hell* or *Heaven* ; One

B

( 20 )

One dear, dear man has 'scap'd from all these arms,  
And oh ! to-night ——— he revels in these arms.  
Ladies don't envy me my happy state,  
For by your looks soon it will be your fate ;  
No mortal here from failing is exempt,  
So for my sake spare this first weak attempt.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### M E N.

- DONCASTER. } An *English* nobleman lately come  
over to take possession of an  
estate in *Ireland*.
- VILLMOUR. } His neighbour when in *England*,  
in love with *Juliana*.
- MELLVILL. } The *Orphan*, an *Irish* youth, bro't  
up under the care of *Villmour's*  
brother ; now in the army, in  
love with *Juliana*.
- MARFIL. } A gentleman of the navy in love  
with *Henrietta*.
- Servants, &c.

### W O M E N.

- JULIANA. } *Doncaster's* daughter in love with  
*Mellvill*.
- HENRIETTA. } Her companion related to *Villmour*,  
in love with *Marfil*.





T H E  
O R P H A N ;  
O R T H E  
H A P P Y M A R R I A G E .

A C T I . S C E N E I .

Enter JULIANA sola.

~~XXXX~~ E ever sacred, this sweet silent grove,  
~~XB~~ For here I come to give a loose to love ;  
~~XXXX~~ No deadly bane be on its branches found,  
Let nature's sweets still overspread the ground :  
Here will I call to mind the noble youth,  
Whose heart was fill'd with constancy and truth ;  
Uninterrupted, here I see him stand  
Before my eyes, and now he grasps my hand :  
See with what rapture each fond look is fill'd,  
See how he stands as if his feet were held :  
*Mellvill*, why mute, 'tis *Juliana*'s here,  
There was a time when you wou'd ease her fear ;  
There was a time, but now that time is gone,  
When each kind word was giv'n to her alone :

Will

Will you not speak, why are you thus oppress'd,  
Delusion all ! Who now disturbs my rest ?  
Who is so insolent ?

Enter HENRIETTA.

'Tis I,

JULIANA.

Who're you ?

HENRIETTA.

'Tis *Henrietta* to whom pity's due ;  
It is thy lov'd companion and thy friend,  
That's come here swelling grief with yours to blend ;  
Oh, let us now compare each others pain,  
Alike we'll pity, and alike complain.  
But why that mournful, melancholy look ?  
Why has the glowing red those cheeks forsook ?  
With secret grief the bane of love you waste,  
All o'er that lovely face a gloom is cast ;  
Methinks something unusual there I see ;

JULIANA.

How can I from uneasiness be free ?  
When as I walk'd out by the moon's pale light,  
I thought my *Mellvill* struck m' enraptur'd tight ;  
*Mellvill* I call'd ; no answer cou'd I get,  
And you depriv'd me of the dear deceit.

HENRIETTA.

Ah, *Juliana* ! think not me unkind,  
Rather impute it to the cruel wind,  
That does not send a gale to waft him o'er,  
To bring young *Mellvill* to *Hibernia's* shore.  
Still hope the best, you'll meet the godlike man ;  
Pleasure will shortly banish all your pain

JULIANA.

JULIANA:

Thou kind companion of my tender years,  
 There was a time e'er love had bred these fears;  
 When each unheeded, playful day past by,  
 Blest with the sweets of calm felicity;  
 But when young *Melville* bless'd my ravish'd sight,  
 For the first time my heart felt soft delight;  
 Adieu then to all playful, childish toys,  
 What are you now, to love's more lasting joys;  
 But when my father saw the growing flame,  
 He, with stern aspect, to my chamber came,  
 " Daughter, let love your portion be," said he,  
 " If you love *Melville* you'll a beggar be.  
 " See him no more"! What dreadful precept this,

HENRIETTA.

Dispel your fears, there's nought will be amiss.  
 You reign triumphant in your *Melville's* breast,  
 And, for your father, love shall scheme the rest.  
 But when, my friend, heard you from your dear  
 swain,  
 Say, does he long to meet those eyes again?

JULIANA,

O yes, my *Henrietta*, read this line,  
 Where he subscribes, " I am for ever thine;"  
 This letter, I by post did just receive,

[Gives the letter.

He says he's well, and that for me he'll live.

HENRIETTA reads.

*Fort Royal in Martinique, May 5, 1762.*

*Dearest of all thy Son,*

" This is the fourth letter directed to  
 " you since I left *England*; and though no answer  
 came

“ came to hand ; yet what those dear lips, those  
 “ looks pronounced at parting, makes me confident  
 “ you’ve not forgot me. The friendship that be-  
 “ gun with our earliest acquaintance, soon became  
 “ love ; I feel it, my dear *Juliana*, and while my  
 “ panting heart now dictates, my trembling hand  
 “ strives to obey : love, my dearest *Juliana*, has  
 “ made me victorious over the ambitious *Gaul* ;  
 “ and I have now only time to tell you I am well  
 “ e’er I go to *Cuba* to meet the treach’rous *Spani-*  
 “ *ard*. There too I will live for *Juliana* alone.  
 “ Adieu, thou Lovely FAIR ONE.

I am Yours, forever,

MELLVILL.”

HENRIETTA.

Happy art thou such constant truth to prove,  
 Oh, that I thus cou’d boast my *Marfil*’s love :  
 Howe’er, I’ll not despair, we yet may meet,  
 He yet may lay down laurels at my feet.

JULIANA.

I know he will :----But I must leave you here ;  
 My father, with a stranger, doth appear. [Exit.

HENRIETTA.

Hah !----Who at this still hour can leave their rest ?  
 Except it be a wretch by love oppress’d :  
 Who to this solitary place their steps can bend ?

SCENE II. Enter DONCASTER and VILLMOUR.

DONCASTER.

Oh, *Henrietta*, ’tis my much lov’d friend :  
 Why so cast down ; look up, see who I’ve brought,  
 ’Tis *Villmour*, who employ’d your youngest thought.

HEN-



HENRIETTA.

*Villmour* ! My heart leaps at the well-known name ;  
[they embrace.

But say, from *England* for what end you came :  
*Villmour*, Oh speak ! Has ought mischance befall ?  
Say what has happen'd that you fear to tell ?

VILLMOUR.

No great mischance ; but that my brother's dead,  
And I am heir to his great fortune made :  
My own small income, it cou'd ne'er hold out  
With sporting, gaming, masquerade and rout :  
My debts were great, but now they all are paid,  
The rake is now reclaim'd, and sober made :  
Led by the fame of *Juliana*'s eyes,  
Now am I come to gain the peerless prize.

HENRIETTA.

*Villmour*, I fear you never will succeed,  
Oh, that my heart from that damp thought was freed.

DONCASTER: [Seeming angry.

Yes, you and *Juliana* are combin'd,  
'Tis thus ye please each others love-sick mind ;  
You make her hope that *Mellvill* lives for her,  
But know, thou pretty, artful sophister,  
I'll make her feel an angry father's hand,  
If she dares disobey his fixt command :  
Go, tell her *Villmour* is my only choice,  
And that she must give her consenting voice.

HENRIETTA.

I'll go prepare her, *Villmour* to receive ;  
But sure I am to him no love she'll give.

[Aside. Exit.

D

HEN-

## DONCASTER.

See how she flies with anger in her eye,  
 Displeas'd I feign'd to be, her mind to try;  
 With *Juliana* ne'er she'll be your friend,  
 To serve each other all their actions tend;  
 Just as the royal tree the ivy binds;  
 Friendship e'en so has bound their tender minds:  
 But, *Villmour* come, nay, tell me, be sincere,  
 Was it my daughter, Sir, that brought you here:  
 She has not heard of your good fortune yet,  
 Perhaps she may be tempted to be great.

## VILLMOUR.

If riches can complete our happiness,  
 My fortune has receiv'd a vast increase;  
 And at the loss of all I'd not repine,  
 If lovely *Juliana* would be mine:  
 What's all the fleeting pleasure we can prove  
 In life? Except we're blest with them we love.  
 You may remember in her youngest years,  
 To see me fill'd with jealousies and fears;  
 You oft have ask'd the cause, but still in vain;  
 So much disparity made me refrain.  
 But think what racking torture I have felt,  
 When *Mellwill's* eyes on her's with rapture dwelt;  
 When no amusement cou'd divert the fair,  
 Except young *Mellwill* was her partner there;  
 Curs'd be his name, by all the *Gods* above,  
 Accurs'd be all that keeps me from my love.

## DONCASTER.

'That he's your rival, too, too much I fear,  
*Mellwill* alone's between you and the fair.  
 In silent grief she spends each irksome day,  
 At night she seeks some pathless, desert way, But

But him remov'd ; for this try all your art,  
 Do any thing for *Juliana's* heart.  
 Go, *Villmour*, tell this fond, this foolish fair,  
 Riches alone can make us happy here :  
 Tell her that *Melville* does unfaithful prove,  
 Say that he's quite inconstant in his love ;  
 Assert that he his fate at *Cuba* found,  
 With subtlety let ev'ry word abound ;  
 Try ev'ry stratagem, each artful way,  
 For *Melville* is expected ev'ry day :  
*Villmour*, farewell.

## VILLMOUR.

Ay, there the miser goes,  
 His heart no pleasure but in riches knows ;  
 I will obey him ; I will try each art  
 To gain this matchless fair one's heart.  
 First I will flatter, fawn, deceive and lie,  
 Swear 'tis for her I live, for her will die ;  
 By fair means I must make my first attempt,  
 For harshness would create dislike, contempt ;  
 But if by this I cannot gain her love,  
 If all I say cannot her pity move ;  
 I'll (as my only way, my last resource)  
 Try if I cannot conquer her by force.  
 E'en as a vanquish'd army in the field,  
 When all retreats cut off, she then must yield.  
 And when she's mine, sick with delight I'll fly,  
 Echo shall tell it to the vaulted sky. [Exit.



## A C T II. S C E N E I.

Draws and discovers JULIANA sitting weeping and reading: after a short pause she rises.

**W**HERE shall I fly to ease m' afflicted mind?  
Where shall my sorrows any comfort find?

To all delight that I can here receive,  
Farewell---'till *Heav'n* to me does *Mellvill* give.  
Farewell to all that mirth or joy can bring,  
Ye warbling birds now cease your notes to sing;  
Farewell ye flowers that droop for his return,  
Farewell ye plains that seem for him to mourn.  
Why was I born to bear a load of grief,  
Yet still deny'd all pity or relief?

My father presses me to fix my choice,  
And I'm just free from *Villmour's* hateful voice:  
Sent by my father, now to me he came,  
And urg'd his spotless, and his constant flame:  
As well might he to rocks obdurate cry,  
For him more pity they would have than I:  
He said my *Mellvill* was from pain set free,  
But open first, Oh Earth, and swallow me!  
Let death, ye Gods, be still to him deny'd,  
'Till one kind turf does both our bodies hide.  
How can old *Villmour* hope his age can charm?  
How can he think such youth as mine to warm?  
But now be still, my heart,--- he comes again,  
Grief unto grief to add, and pain to pain!

Enter VILLMOUR.

Who speaks of pain when *Juliana's* here?

'Tis



JULIANA.

'Tis she alone that's fill'd with gnawing care,  
But pray, Sir, why did you so soon return?

VILLMOUR.

Say, rather you, why love so fierce does burn?  
There's such attraction in that heav'nly mien,  
That I'm return'd to feast my eyes again:  
Let *Juliana* smile, and I am blest,  
For pity stands in those soft looks confess:  
If you will not that gen'rous pity give,  
Then welcome *Death*—Despair I can't survive:  
Let but that heav'nly voice pronounce my doom,  
Then blest I'll be when from your lips 'twill come.

JULIANA.

Talk not of *Death*, there's many a fairer she,  
Lur'd by your wealth, from ev'ry promise free,  
Can make you happy, as you'd wish to be;  
But I'm possess'd of what is far more dear  
Than all the wealth of both the *Indies* are;  
Tho' he can boast no fortune but his sword,  
'Tis he alone can happiness afford;  
How can you think that I your hopes will crown,  
When I have said my heart is not my own?

VILLMOUR.

Yes, cruel fair, I know for whom you sigh,  
But have you heard of his base perfidy?  
His pleasure is in being lov'd by two,  
He loves the other, but he loves not you;  
Then will you not attend to duty's call,  
Or can you into disobedience fall;  
Can you a father's fondness disobey,  
Or waste with grief his aged life away?

Be

Be not the cause thou dear, thou matchless fair;  
Give me thy hand, and henceforth banish care.

JULIANA.

I can't believe that *Mellvill* is to blame,  
And if he was my passion's still the same :  
In absence, trifling love a cure may find,  
But love sincere possesses strong the mind;  
E'en so rough winds faint light to darkness turn,  
But make the furnace with fresh fury burn.  
My father uses his despotic sway,  
But, Sir, I never, never can obey;  
And if from reason's voice he will depart,  
He may command my hand, but can't my heart.

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.

VILLMOUR.

She's gone----now what remains for me behind,  
When that hard-hearted Fair One won't be kind;  
Oh, who cou'd bear her looks, disdain and scorn!  
I'll make this rival wish he ne'er was born:  
What! Shall I drink despair each tedious day,  
And in damn'd torture pass the night away?  
I never can-----

Hell's darkness aid me in the black design,  
Lustful desire and force together join,  
For *Juliana* must and shall be mine.

[As he <sup>is</sup> going enter a Servant.]

SERVANT.

"Young *Mellvill*, Sir, is just arriv'd, and his first  
desire is to see you."

Strait shew him in----Now for the thin disguise  
Of friendship, all the villain in me rise;

Under

Under the cloak of friendship, I will drive  
Him to despair, myself I'll keep alive :  
I'll work him to such height of jealousy,  
That he shall curse his fate, and wish to die.

Enter MELLVILL.

VILLMOUR.

Welcome, my dearest friend, unto my arms,

MELLVILL. [they embrace.

Oh, *Villmour*, I've escap'd from wars alarms.  
My much-lov'd friend, do I again receive  
The transport that sweet friendship's balm can give ;  
Do I behold the man to me so dear,  
And once more meet that soul just and sincere.  
*Belleisle* was first subdu'd by *Britons* swords,  
And now the *Indies* own them for their lords ;  
Th' inhabitants, now freed from slavery,  
In *English* laws find peace and liberty ;  
At both these places I was sav'd from death,  
Where many a valiant man resign'd his breath.

VILLMOUR.

What thanks and praise to Providence are due,  
Whose Guardian *Angel* has protected you :  
Yes, Heav'n did all it's care on you bestow,  
And sav'd you to chastise your country's foe :  
*Mellvill* my fortune you may freely share,  
For you have been to me for ever dear.

MELLVILL.

*Villmour*, thou'ast always been to me a friend,  
Thy kind assistance ready still to lend ;  
My uncle's dead : What can the loss repair ?  
He took me, when an ORPHAN, to his care ;  
With virtuous principles my heart he fraught ;  
Dear *Juliana* then employ'd each thought ; 'Twas

'Twas then our hearts in friendship's sphere did  
move,

But with our years that friendship grew to love :  
Now *Villmour*, say, does the fond fair one mourn,  
My absence ; does she wish for my return ?  
Oh, let me to the mourning beauty fly,  
Whose soul is love, whose heart is constancy.

VILLMOUR.

Stay, *Mellvill*, stay, Where do you fly so fast ?  
Tho' now the danger of your voyage is past ;  
In love's tempestuous sea still are you tost,  
And in the storm I fear you will be lost.  
The fair you prize cou'd not love's force withstand,  
Some happier man will soon receive her hand.  
He waits to make the beaut'ous maid his own,  
And *Juliana* will his wishes crown.  
*Mellvill*, now strive to cure your love-sick mind,  
Forget that this false woman e'er was kind ;  
Be patient, hate her, call up all the man.

MELLVILL.

Forget her, no ; I never, never can :  
The fertile field with med'cine does abound,  
But to cure love no balm has yet been found ;  
Transcendent goodness ne'er can hatred move,  
And can I, *Juliana* cease to love ?  
*Villmour*, preach patience to the wav'ring wind,  
But do not say my lovely maid's unkind.

VILLMOUR.

You wrong my friendship much to think that I  
Wou'd tell my dearest friend a falsity.  
The bell to supper rings, let us depart : [bell rings.  
I'll find some means to wound this rival's heart.

[*Aside. Exeunt.*



## S C E N E III.

Enter *Villmour's* servant, followed by *Juliana*.

Enter, at the other side, unseen by them, *Villmour* and *Mellvill*.

JULIANA.

Oh, lead me to my life, my soul, my love !

MELLVILL. [Exit with servant.]

Hell, death, distraction ! Oh, ye powers above !

Was it for this I danger did despise ?

Curs'd be the light that shew'd her to my eyes !

Why was I born, ye Gods, the day to see

That dooms me to eternal misery ?

What grief, what pain, what torture must he prove,

He that admir'd, e'en to excess of love ?

To think that those unmeaning, lovely charms,

Shall gain new brightness from another's arms ;

To think the object of his love shall be,

Cause of another's chief felicity :

The thought distracts me ! But it must be so ;

I must my only hope of joy forego.

VILLMOUR.

Did you not see how she did bound away ?

How all the wishing maid she did display ;

Oh, that I cou'd speak comfort to thy heart,

And sympathize in ev'ry tortur'd part !

Woman is made to change just like the wind.

MELLVILL.

No more of that, it's poison to my mind ;

The fatal secret cou'd you not conceal,

That makes me burn with greater rage than hell ?

Speak comfort to the wretch, with fetters bound,

In slighted love more racking pains are found :

E

But

But, *Villmour*, leave me, for my rage grows high,  
Or I shall break our friendship's lasting tie.

VILLMOUR.

I'll go ; but, Sir, be free from inbred strife, [*going.*  
I know he will destroy his hated life. [*Aside. Exit.*

MELLVILL solus. [*Wildly*

Oh, jealousy, thou worst of fiends below,  
What dire misfortunes from thy fountain flow ?  
Source of my woe, and bane of all my joy ?  
What ? Ho ! Is not my honest servant nigh ?

Enter SERVANT.

Sir, I was always ready to comply.

MELLVILL.

You always have shewn faithfulness to me,  
Now shew the last, from madness set me free ;  
Go, fly, and bring a cure for all my pain,  
A deadly poison that will parch each vain ;  
Let it be such delicious, killing food,  
That instantly 'twill drink my vital blood. [*Exit Serv.*

MELLVILL. [*After a pause.*

With *Juliana* I wou'd wish to live,  
But losing her, life can no pleasure give.

Enter SERVANT with a bowl.

Sir, here's the draught that soon will give relief. [*Exit.*

MELLVILL.

Welcome, thou finisher of all my grief.  
Here's to my Love—Oh, may she happy be,  
Whilst thus I finish all my misery ! [*drinks.*

[*After waiting the effects of the poison, he starts up madly.*]

This poison—No !—There is no poison here ;  
The villain who I thought would prove sincere

Has

Has cheated me of death---A voice now calls [*mildly*  
 My servant has been faithful, my friend false.  
 It must be so.---Be eas'd my tortur'd mind,  
 For *Juliana* cou'd not prove unkind ;  
 No, she is blest with goodness that's divine,  
 And sooner will bright *Phabus* cease to shine ;  
 Sooner the magnet cease the *North* to prove,  
 Than I will cease, while she is kind to love.  
 On wings of love I'll fly, and search all round,  
 Nor will I rest 'till *Juliana's* sound :  
 But if the cruel Fair won't give relief,  
 Where shall I ease my heart's corroding grief ?  
 Oh, here!--If one kind word she will not give,  
 This sword is mine.---I then will scorn to live.



# ACT III. SCENE I.

Draws and discovers *Villmour* forcing *Juliana*.

JULIANA:

**H**ELP! murder! help!

Enter *Henrietta* followed by *Mellvill*.

HENRIETTA TO MELLVILL.

Oh fly, my friend to save,

[MELLVILL laying hold of VILLMOUR.]

Villain, desist ; desist thou lustful slave :

You that would injure helpless innocence,

To courage let me try have you pretence :

Draw, Sir, for I will fight the Fair One's cause,

[*Looking up at Villmour.*

Oh, *Villmour* !---then be inverted *Nature's* laws :

E 2

Now

Now to the Earth be turn'd the harden'd point,  
I'm-lost in wonder ; fixt is ev'ry joint !

VILLMOUR.

Take up the sword, and let my heart's blood flow,  
And I will bless the hand that gives the blow ;  
Did you but know the wrong to you that's done,  
You'd not let me behold another Sun.

MELLVILL.

No, Sir ; tho' you had stab'd me to the heart ;  
Tho' you did wound me in the tend'rest part ;  
I cou'd not take your life thus unprepar'd ;  
Go, Sir ; your deeds will best themselves reward.

[Exit Villmour.]

[*Mellvill goes to Juliana, who faints on Henrietta.*]

But who, ye Gods, is this fair, bashful maid,  
That has been to a villain's arms betray'd ?  
'Tis *Juliana* !---Heav'ns ! What do I see ?  
How well did I th' approaching storm foresee :  
Oh, *Juliana*, speak ! My life ! my love !  
She can't, her pulse has almost ceas'd to move.  
Unclose those eyes ; you now have nought to fear,  
Thou tender maid, look up, 'tis *Mellvill's* here.

HENRIETTA.

*Mellvill* ! At your lov'd name her life returns,  
And now with all the heat of love she burns ;  
Excess of joy does ev'ry part enflame.

JULIANA.

Oh, *Mellvill* ! *Henrietta* do I dream ?  
That name repeated, all within's delight,  
And is it that dear youth that strikes my sight ?  
Can it be he that saves me from these harms ?  
Oh, let me fly into his open arms.

Rises



[Rises from *Henrietta* and embraces *Mellvill*.]

MELLVILL.

What harmonizing music's in that voice?  
Fly hence all sorrow, present be all joys.  
Is't giv'n me on this breast with joy t' expire?  
Then am I blest beyond my chief desire;  
In bliss extatic all my sense is drown'd,  
And now my ev'ry wish in life is crown'd;  
Ye Gods, I now forgive ye all my pain,  
Since I behold this long-lost Fair again;  
Here let me stay to taste of love's increase,  
And never leave again expos'd your peace.

HENRIETTA.

Oh, yes; she 'as been beset on ev'ry side,  
Her constancy by ev'ry art was try'd,  
But all in vain.

JULIANA.

Oh, *Mellvill*, much is due  
To her, who left her friends and country too;  
All that was dear for me she did forego,  
And, sympathizing, soften'd all my woe:  
*Villmour* us'd ev'ry means to gain my heart,  
But there long since you left no vacant part;  
He told me that you were from pain set free,  
That if you liv'd, you did not live for me.

MELLVILL.

Forget thee! No: witness ye *Powers* above,  
If I have ever sought another's love;  
Tho' she was with transcendent beauty fraught,  
On her, I swear, I wou'd not lose a thought:  
Witness if e'er my breast has harbour'd joy,  
But when thy image did my thoughts employ;

'Tis

'Tis that has been my shield by day and night ;  
 Victorious still it made me in the fight ;  
 And, if I've *Fame* acquir'd, or *Honour* got,  
 It was for you *ALONE* I *Glory* fought.  
*Villmour* too told me that you were unkind,  
 And strove to wound my unsuspecting mind :  
 But let us all his villainies conceal,  
 And o'er his wicked actions cast a veil.

JULIANA.

My father's temper I will trust no more,  
 Possess'd of you I never can be poor ;  
 Hence, let us fly to some sequester'd shade,  
 For silence and for sweet retirement made ;  
 Uninterrupted and recluse to rove,  
 And there for ever tell each o'ther's love.  
 With thee I'll bear all hardships undismay'd :

MELLYVILL.

Forever let me love thee, thou dear maid !  
 Best of thy sex ! Where is the woman, where,  
 In whom such constancy, such truth appear ?  
 Yes ; we will seek some moss o'er-shadow'd cell,  
 Where free from envy, care and strife we'll dwell ;  
 Sweet peace and happiness we'll there receive,  
 Nor envy the soft pleasures wealth can give ;  
 But first th' indissoluble knot ty'd,  
 Which nothing but grim *Death* can e'er divide ;  
 Then let us to the tufted greens and groves,  
 And tell the story of our constant loves. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

HENRIETTA sola.

'My kind companion and my friend is gone,  
 In *Hymen's* bands with her lov'd youth to join ;

O'er-

O'erpaid is all her doubt, her fear, her pain,  
 Since she beholds her *Mellvil* safe again;  
 With all the fervency of love he burn'd,  
 And thought each *day*, a *year* 'till he return'd:  
 But I am doom'd with grief to waste away;  
 Oh, *Marfil*, tell me, why this long delay!  
 What art thou love, thou sweetner of dull care,  
 That without thee we cannot pleasure share?  
 I can't partake in *Juliana's* joys,

Enter *MARFIL*. [*Henrietta* gazes on him.]

*MARFIL*.

Methinks I know the sound of that dear voice,  
 'Tis she, by all I wish, by all I love:  
 'Tis *Henrietta*! Now ye Fates above,  
 Of all my love-bred fears and doubts I'm cur'd;  
 I'm overpaid for all that I've endur'd.  
 But, *Henrietta*, why so sad appear,  
 Say, did you e'er expect to see me here?  
 Revive, my Fair, and give one heav'nly smile,  
 And I am recompenc'd for all my toil!

*HENRIETTA*.

Oh, *Marfil*, welcome! How shall I reveal  
 The transport that I at this meeting feel?  
 After an absence of two tedious years,  
 Are you then come to banish all my fears?  
 I fear'd that you were number'd with the dead.

*MARFIL*.

No, no, my Fair! I am triumphant made;  
 Oh, come yet closer, closer to my heart,  
 And let me all my joy to the impart;  
 At sea I've been victorious, conquer'd you,  
 And that is to be victor, conqueror too;

Now

Now *Henrietta*, say, does *Mellvil* prove,  
The sweets of happiness, the sweets of love?

HENRIETTA.

To *Mellvill*, *Juliana*'s gone to give  
Her hand, but 'tis without her father's leave :  
Let fortune smile on them, or soon, or late,  
They are resolv'd to bear each other's Fate,

MAREIL.

And shall the friend that I so much esteem,  
Shall I ungrateful ever prove to him ?  
Forbid it Heav'n ! He ne'er shall want, let's fly;  
Lest we shou'd come too late to share their joy :  
We too, with them, will join in *Hymen*'s bands,  
One priest shall tie two pair of willing hands.  
Thus when the mariner from death is freed,  
And to the raging storm a calm succeeds ;  
When free from the tempest'ous sea and wind,  
In some safe harbour he does shelter find,  
Forgetful of the danger that is past,  
His thanks to Heav'n but a few moments last.  
To tell his friends he's safe, with speed he flies,  
And gives excess to pleasures and to joys. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

VILLMOUR solus.

WHERE'ER I turn, plagues all around me  
dwell,

What med'cine can relieve the pangs I feel ?  
Vain is all art, all med'cine vain must prove,  
There is no cure for heart-tormenting love.  
*Mellvill* and her I met, tormenting thought!  
With height of bliss their looks were fully fraught ;  
With



With such a fight I strove to wound his heart,  
But now myself must feel the tottering smart.  
Where shall my grief have vent, where ease my  
mind ?

Oh, here (*drawing a dagger*) in death alone we comfort find ;

Now to my heart this trusty weapon goes,

*[Stabs himself.]*

And all the horrors that are there disclose ;

At last I've justly met a wretched fate, *[lies down.]*

My wickedness has had too long a date ;

To him that has not learn'd to live or die,

Oh, what a dreadful thing's eternity !

*Mellvill* you're now reveng'd for all your wrongs.

*[Dies.]*

Enter DONCASTER.

O dismal sight ! what sad catastrophe's here,

'Tis *Villmour* that does breathless, pale appear ;

Near to his hand the dagger stain'd with blood,

Oh, suicide, thou hell invented rod ;

He wrong'd his honest friend, but what was worse,

Poor *Juliana* he wou'd gain by force ;

Urg'd on by that, with *Mellvill* she is gone,

And before this the priest has made 'em one ;

My heart recoils to lose an only maid,

On whom my ev'ry joy in life was laid ;

I'll find her out, she shall be all my care,

And make her happy, as heav'n made her fair !

But I must hide this sad calamity,

Lest it shou'd cast a damp upon their joy.

Learn hence ye parents that wou'd force the wills

Of children, the effects are mighty ill ;

F

Tho'

Tho' all your passions rage, and force combin'd,  
'Tis hard to part the hearts that heav'n has join'd.

S C E N E IV.

[Exit.

Enter at one side DONCASTER, at the other MELLVILL and JULIANA, MARFIL and HENRIETTA.

JULIANA

[in a fright.

My father !

[Mellvill and Juliana kneel.

DONCASTER.

Daughter !

JULIANA :

Sir, I've disobey'd,

DONCASTER.

Then let the blame on me alone be laid.

Welcome, my friend from *India's* burning shore,

Where fevers rage and tempests ever roar ;

May heaven bless ye in each others love,

[to Mellvill and Juliana.

Surely your bliss will rival that above ;

May sweet content crown ev'ry peaceful day,

May all your joy be ever blooming, gay ;

Rise up my children,

[They rise.

MELLVILL.

Oh, Sir, I am blest,

And it's beyond whatever love express ;

Words are quite faint ;

JULIANA.

But I will speak for you,

Sir, all your goodness to his merit's due ;

Long may you taste of happiness and peace,

While we shall strive to give it still increase,

MARFIL to MELLVILL.

For this the soldier bears the frosty night,

It gives his arm new vigour for the fight ;

Con-

Conqu'rors nor kings, nor even Gods above,  
Are proof against the mighty force of love.

MELLVILL to MARFIL.

Inspir'd by this the sailor fears no storms,  
But ploughs the main quite heedless of all harms ;  
In his distress when foaming billows rage,  
E'en then can love his ev'ry grief assuage.

HENRIETTA.

Cease all your talk and let us hence to prove,  
Our hearts to be all softness, yours all love ;  
Let us fly hence, where pleasure shall abound,

DONCASTER.

Where mirth and joy shall with the glass go round.

MELLVILL.

As in a siege brave soldiers sink beneath  
Fatigue and hardship, tir'd almost to death ;  
But when their enemy for quarter cries,  
Forget their toil, and shouting rend the skies :  
The joys of conquest I will doubly prove,  
For now I'm blest with friendship, fortune, love.

F I N I S.



\*\*\*\*\*  
 To Miss G-----, on being asked, Why he  
 often Danced with her ?

**P**EGGY 'tis often ask'd me " Why  
 I choose a maid so young ? "

And I as often make reply,

They do my judgment wrong.

If the dear fair one was not by,

Who stole my liberty ;

Peggy I wou'd at all times times try,

To find a maid like thee.

Beauty in any age I prize,

It captivates the sense,

In youth its worth does higher rise,

'Tis mix'd with innocence.

If sprightliness to sweetness join'd,

Can form a lovely maid,

Peggy our sex e'en now may find,

These charms in thee display'd.

Envy already mounts her throne,

She sickens with despair,

Wishes to see my partner gone,

Because she is so fair.

~~~~~  
**DAMON AND SYLVIA.**

**O**NE eve e'er Sol had reach'd the West,  
 The sky with scarlet streamers drest,  
 No threat'ning clouds were seen :



To sooth love's piercing, pleasing pain,  
I sought the primrose, painted plain ;

The shady grove and green :

With nature's beauty was the prospect fraught,  
And nought cou'd so much charm, but love wou'd  
steal a thought.

The landscape's verdant, lovely look,  
The bleating lambs and chrystal brook,  
Combin'd to please the eye ;

The songsters on the lofty spray,  
Sent forth each harmonizing lay,

To fill the chequer'd sky :

Satiate, at length, with the delightful sight,  
My thoughts all turn'd to love and thus wou'd take  
their flight.

Some months ago my heart was free,  
Nor did I any cause foresee,

My pleasure to decrease ;

But fair *Sylvia* I beheld,

She who each shepherdess excell'd

Adieu then to my peace :

'Twas then each lovely grace I gazing found,  
And there my heart receiv'd a deep-imprinted  
wound.

*India's* wealth I wou'd resign,

No care of state be ever mine,

With strife and noise replete ;

Give me, ye Gods, this peerless prize!

My wish shall never higher rise,

Be there my joy complete :

Go

Go soft desires, tell her my love, my care,  
 Tell her what pity's self wou'd say if she were there.

Thus rov'd my thoughts, while on I stray'd,  
 'Till I had reach'd a pleasant shade,  
 All round the myrtle rose ;  
 Like a refreshing, cooling grot,  
 Nature herself design'd the spot,  
 For study or repose :  
 Here I beheld the beauteous, lovely maid,  
 And on a mossy bank her tender head was laid:

I started back, struck with amaze !  
 On her simplicity to gaze !  
 Her native innocence ;  
 Her form did all the sweets display,  
 Of blooming, fragrant flowers in May,  
 That captivate the sense :  
 I look'd, but Oh, long since I own'd her sway !  
 At the first sight I look'd my love-sick heart away.

Here I surpriz'd this artless, matchless maid,  
 While o'er her cheeks the crimson spread,  
 To see a lover near ;  
 " Pardon, said I, th' excess of love,  
 And let my pain your pity move,  
 To render *Damon* dear :"  
 She spoke, and then a welcome fate I found,  
 And thus her lips pronounc'd the heart-transporting  
 sound.

" *Damon*, 'tis you alone I've lov'd,  
 For all your faithfulness I've prov'd  
 Your honest, gen'rous mind ;

All

Each virgin fear I'll cast away,  
 And all your constancy repay,  
 Soon as our hands are join'd :"  
 Blest with these words that fixed my happiness,  
 I sunk into her arms with boundless joy's excess.

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## RURAL POEMS;

Verfified from the *German* of the celebrated M.  
 M. GESSNER, Author of the DEATH of ABEL.

INSCRIBED TO THE  
 Rev. HENRY SANDES,  
 at *Asdee*, County of *Kerry*.

TO DAPHNE.

**N**OT of victorious chiefs all stain'd with blood,  
 Nor fields of carnage, and their black abode  
 Sings the gay muse; but from the horrid sight,  
 Fearful, she grasps her flute and wings her flight:  
 Led by the silent shade of sacred groves,  
 And murmurs of refreshing streams she roves;  
 Now by the brook whose banks are lin'd with reed,  
 Now on the plains where tender lambkins feed;  
 Or now reclin'd the mossy seat along,  
 Peaceful she lies and meditates her song.  
*Daphne*, for thee alone thou lovely maid,  
 Whose tender breast no anxious cares invade,  
 Whose mind sweet innocence and truth adorn,  
 Mild as the Spring the fairest, brightest morn;  
 For thee she sings whose bright expressive eyes,  
 Look sweet good nature, and with joy surprize;  
 While

While on thy cheeks bloom sweets like flow'rs in May,  
 And round thy mouth the little graces play.  
 Yes, dearest *Daphne*, since that happy hour,  
 You call'd me friend, when in the jess'mine bow'r,  
 The time to come seems all felicity,  
 And all the present teems with love and joy.  
 Oh, may I hope, her songs will favour meet,  
 Those songs she oft has heard the swains repeat,  
 Those songs she oft has heard the Dryads sing,  
 While mirthful Satyrs danc'd around the ring :  
 In their cool grotts there has she often seen,  
 The wood-nymphs, crown'd with reeds, dance on  
 the green ;

There visited the cot, with moss o'ertopp'd,  
 Round which the lambkins tender herbage cropp'd ;  
 The genuine tints of goodness copy thence,  
 And native scenes of tranquil innocence ;  
 There too surpriz'd her oft the God of love,  
 Beneath the boughs thick woven in the grove ;  
 Or by the banks of the smooth chrystal stream,  
 As love and pleasure were her joyous theme ;  
 There did he listen to her soothing airs,  
 And wove the laurel in her curling hair.

*Daphne*, no other praise my songs demand,  
 No greater honour than by thee to stand ;  
 And there enjoy thy smiles, and thy regard,  
 Thy soft approving smiles my sole reward :  
 Less happy songsters may go court the same  
 Posterity bestows, the flatt'ring dream  
 Be theirs, that future times shall strew around  
 Their graves, the sweetest flow'rs that can be  
 found,  
 And plant green laurels o'er the hallow'd ground.

DAPHNIS



~~~~~  
 D A P H N I S. From the same.

O N E Winter's morn when fiercest tempest  
 blow,

Sat *Daphnis* in his hut roof'd o'er with snow ;  
 The crackling fire that in his chimney blaz'd,  
 Diffus'd a warmth around:—he mus'd, well pleas'd :  
 He view'd the plains that did so white appear,  
 Winter has charms, he cried, altho' severe ;  
 How pleasant is't to see the melting beams,  
 Smile thro' the mist that hovers o'er the streams ?  
 How bright the snow, what striking landscapes  
 these,

The leafless branch, and naked trunks of trees ?  
 The snow-topt hut and hawthorn hedge delight,  
 Mixing their russet brown with silver white.  
 How pleasant 'tis to see the verdant grain,  
 Sweetly diversify the snowy plain ;  
 How gay the scene the neighbouring hedge-rows  
 yield,

While on the thorns and briars in the field ?  
 The icicles, from dew drops, just begun,  
 Wave with the wind, and sparkle in the sun ;  
 The fields forsaken, here the flocks in fold  
 Closely shut up, exult o'er Winter's cold ;  
 The birds have left the woods, save here and  
 there,

A solitary Titmouse in the air  
 Still sings, in spite of all the frost and snow,  
 The Wren and Sparrow hopping to and fro.

G

Beneath

Beneath yon rustic roof from whence does rise,  
 The smoke in curling clouds towards the skies ;  
 My *Pbillis* dwells, and now, perhaps, ev'n there,  
 Beside the fire she sits, the lovely fair ;  
 In melting sounds how sweetly does she sing,  
 And thinks of me, and wishes for the Spring.  
*Pbillis* is lovely, but her charms alone,  
 Have not a constant, love-sick youth undone :  
 I lov'd her, yes, I lov'd her from the day,  
 When two of young *Alexis*' goats did stray.  
 " My father's poor ;" the young man wept to tell,  
 " His grief will now be insupportable."  
 " I've lost two goats, and one did young ones bear, }  
 " Home to our hut I can't return for fear :"  
 Then *Pbillis* drop'd the sympathizing tear,  
 And from her little flock upon the plain,  
 Selected two, and gave them to the swain ;  
 " Here take, said she, *Alexis*, two of mine,  
 " The one is also big with young like thine ;  
 The grateful shepherd wept for joy again, }  
 And *Pbillis* too, from tears could not refrain,  
 Because she had reliev'd th' afflicted swain.

Oh, Winter, tho' thy blasts tear from their root  
 Stout oaks ; yet will I not lay by my flute ;  
 But ev'ry day of *Pbillis* will I sing,  
 The tend'rest songs that tender love can bring ;  
 Tho' thy rude breath hath made the forest bare,  
 I yet can weave a chaplet for her hair ;  
 To *Pbillis* the green ivy will I bring,  
 And the sweet bird I lately taught to sing ;  
 Then sing sweet bird, in a soft, sprightly strain,  
 And she will smile, and talk to thee again ;

Upon

Upon her lovely hand she'll make thee dine,  
So fondly will she love what once was mine.

PHILLIS and CHLOE. From the same.

PHILLIS.

**S**O, *Chloe*! with that basket ever hung  
Upon your arm ;

CHLOE.

Cease your bantering tongue,

Yes, *Phillis*, this dear basket as I live,  
For your whole flock of sheep I would not give,  
[*Hugs it and smiles.*]

So much I prize it.

PHILLIS.

Wherefore dost thou prize ?

Oh, now I guess ; I see the blushes rise ;

CHLOE.

How ! blush !

PHILLIS.

Yes, like the sun in his bright blaze,  
When on your cheeks he darts his evening rays.

CHLOE.

Well, *Phillis*, all the truth shall you now know,  
This basket, young *Amintas* did bestow ;  
He made it all himself,----the charming lad,  
See with what neatness, and what taste 'tis made ;  
The green leaves here and there, mixing all round  
With the red flowers upon the milk-white ground :  
Is it not pretty ? Wherefoe'er I stray  
I carry it with me ; and the flowers look gay ;  
Sweeter the fruit, and fairer to the eye,  
Are all the things that in my basket lie ;

*Phillis.*

*Phillis* to tell you all, I'll not refrain,  
I've kiss'd my basket o'er and o'er again,  
For sure *Amintas* is a handsome swain.

PHILLIS.

I saw him making it; but cou'd I tell  
The strange discourse that on the basket fell,  
You wou'd---but my *Alexis* is as fair,  
What wou'd I give that you his voice did hear?  
I will repeat the couplet that he made,  
The morn he taught it to me in the shade;

CHLOE.

But, *Phillis*, what was that *Amintas* said?

PHILLIS.

First I must sing the couplet,

CHLOE.

Is it long?

PHILLIS.

You now shall hear it, it's a pretty song,

Song, Imitated from *Gessner*.

Whene'er the Summer's scorching heat,  
Parches the thirsty plain,  
With joy the husbandman does greet,  
The soft descending rain:  
But *Phillis*, greater is my joy,  
My heart transporting bliss,  
Whene'er I meet your sparkling eye,  
Or steal a tender kiss.

CHLOE.

A pretty song, indeed, but *Phillis* pray,  
What did *Amintas* to the basket say?

PHILLIS.

Oh, I must laugh----among the osier grove,  
By the stream' side he sat and interwove,



The various twigs : Ha ! ha ! white, brown and green :

CHLOE.

Poh ! wherefore dost thou laugh ? Well, and what then ?

PHILLIS.

Ha ! ha ! ——— He spoke and told the little thing  
 “ To charming *Chloe*, thee, said he, I’ll bring ;  
 “ *Chloe*, whose dimpl’d smiles are full of love,  
 “ As by me yesterday her flock she drove ;  
 “ Good day, said she, *Aminas*, smiling sweet,  
 “ So sweetly that for joy my heart did beat :  
 “ Ye various colour’d twigs bend smoothly round,  
 “ Nor break in splinters on the tufted ground ;  
 “ While I for dearest, *Chloe*, mould your form,  
 “ For you must hang upon her lovely arm :  
 “ Yes, *Chloe*, if my basket, thou should’st prize,  
 “ Then I’m content, my wish no higher rise ;  
 “ Shou’d she but hang it often by her side,  
 “ Oh ! how,” ——— And thus the swain himself  
 enjoy’d ;  
 ‘Till finishing the basket up he sprung,  
 And leapt for joy that it so well was done.

CHLOE.

On yonder hill that in the vale does rise,  
 Watching his flock the harmless shepherd lies ;  
 I’ll go and sit by him, whose voice can charm,  
 And bid him see his basket on my arm.

SONG

## SONG: In Imitation of LOVELY NANCY.

O H, tell me dear *Nancy*, tell your faithful  
swain ?

Can you cause his distress, and not pity his pain ;  
Oh, say is he dearest, who does your charms prize ;  
And who for your sake does all pleasure despise.

What are riches, or honour, or fame, or renown,  
Or what all the grandeur that waits on a crown ;  
All the diamonds and jewels that bedeck a queen's  
arms :

Are insipid trifles to *Nancy's* bright charms.

Let some pursue greatness, some titles enjoy,  
I envy them not ; for their riches will cloy ;  
All the greatness on earth I wou'd freely resign,  
But let lovely *Nancy*, consent to be mine.

Shou'd I be allotted the rude, dismal shore,  
Where wild beasts inhabit, and hurricanes roar ;  
Or shou'd fortune frown, and a dark dungeon give,  
With *Nancy*, dear *Nancy* ev'n there cou'd I live.

To a LADY with whom he fell out, and  
promised not to Speak to for a Month.

THOU lovely maid, permit me to reveal  
The pleasing joy, the raptures that I feel ;

Each

Each hour has longer seemed to linger by,  
 Than short the day to him that's doom'd to die ;  
 But soon the happy moment will repay  
 The torment I have felt by this delay :  
 More welcome is your voice to me again,  
 Than med'cine to the wretch replete with pain.  
 The sound alone of your dear, balmy breath,  
 Might even move the drowsy ear of death :  
 Rash, foolish thought that did my mind employ,  
 To think that I cou'd lose all hope of joy :  
 The stars will sooner leave the spangl'd skies,  
 Than I will cease such worth as yours to prize.



# For a MUSIC BOOK.

**M**USIC can charm each anxious care to rest,  
 And with transporting pleasure fill the breast.  
 Music can banish piercing pain and grief,  
 Music can give the tortur'd wretch relief ;  
 Can bid each wild, disorder'd passion cease,  
 And lull the soul in harmony and peace ;  
 Can check the impetuous sallies of our rage,  
 And all the fierceness of its pow'r assuage :  
 But when the Fair One joins to music's joys,  
 The melting sweetness of her charming voice,  
 The concert might a flinty bosom move,  
 For ev'ry sense is extacy and love.



# The COBLER turned POET.

ADDRESSED TO THE  
ADMIRERS OF THE FAIR SEX  
In *LIMERICK*.

**A**FTER a day with labour spent,  
In giving customers content ;  
As *Tom* lay sleeping t'other night,  
He was disturb'd by some rude spright ;  
With flowing hair and untied cloaths,  
She broke in on his soft repose.  
Fear not, said she, my honest *Tom*,  
For with good news to you I come ;  
By me inspir'd, for I'm the Muse,  
No more must you mind cobling shoes ;  
For its the God's resolv'd decree,  
That you must now a Poet be.  
A Poet ! Cried the bonny blade,  
'Sdeath d'ye think I'll quit my trade  
To turn beggar, aye, and worse,  
I shou'd not have a doit in purse ?  
Besides I have no head for rhyme,  
I've something else t'employ my time.  
Shou'd I begin to write 'egad,  
Neighbours wou'd think I was run mad ;  
And I cou'd ne'er a subject find,  
On which I cou'd impart my mind ;

Except



Except my lafts and pegging awl,  
 My hammer and my fpacious ftall :  
 Or if the day was cold or hot,  
 But this wou'd never boil the pot,  
 Or get fome beer, in troth, 'twou'd not.  
 You're quite miftaken, cried the Mufe,  
 My offer you muft not refufe ;  
 All thefe complaints fhall have an end,  
 For I will be to you a friend ;  
 And for a fubject you fhall not stray,  
 For its what you behold each day ;  
 The *Lim'rick Ladies* wild and fair,  
 Who are fo talk'd of far and near.  
 This your firft theme, a pleafant one,  
 Well as you can let it be done ;  
 To beauty, prude and to coquette,  
 Be fure you give fit epithet.  
 Poor *Tom* furpriz'd at what he heard,  
 Cou'd not reply a fingle word,  
 But foon as e'er the morning came,  
 He fent away his frighted dame ;  
 To fell each ufelefs thing he had,  
 His working tools and ftock in trade ;  
 And buy him ink and ftandifh bright,  
 With ev'ry implement to write :  
 Now ladies, fhould we difagree,  
 I hope you'll blame the Mufe not me.

The wife foon came, her bufinefs done,  
 And thus the *Cobling Bard* begun :  
 Firft let me fing of them, Oh Mufe !  
 Who do fuch vanity diffufe,  
 As plainly fhews a love-fick turn,  
 And that for *Hymen's* bands they burn.

*Belinda* with her coaxing leer,  
 And *Lesbia* with her simp'ring sneer;  
 Use all their skill each beau to take,  
 And glory when a slave they make ;  
*Lemira's* use the wily cheat ;  
 But lovely *Rose* does too much prate.  
*Sally* cannot herself contain,  
 Because some say she's like the queen ;  
*Clarinda* with her flirting air,  
 And *Celia* spruce and debonnair,  
 In them we see the finish'd prude,  
 With---Sir, I vow you're very rude ;  
 Their heads are as if fix't on wire,  
 And ev'ry man of sense they tire ;  
 To *Cynthia* I will *Flavia* join,  
 Whoe'er gets either will get coin ;  
 And they that have that now-a days,  
 No matter what lies in the face.  
*Sempronia's* lovely looks are darts,  
 And bright *Liberia* charms all hearts.  
*Amelia's* too have ev'ry charm,  
 That might a \* hermit's bosom warm ;  
 They do so far outshine the rest,  
 That to describe 'em I'm perplex ;  
 I fain wou'd now with pleasure tell,  
 What charms in fair *Monimia* dwell,  
 And what sweet *Stella* does reveal.  
 But here, alas, my verse grows faint,  
 I wou'd but can't their beauty paint.  
 Of all the lasses in the town,  
 That flirt it up and flirt it down,  
 I must not here forget the fair  
 Who do make dress their only care ;

\* Ironically.

Who

Who, if they were one day confin'd,  
 They'd be distract'd in their mind;  
 They're constantly inclin'd to roam,  
 And never can be kept at home.  
 The handsome *Lydia*'s use much prate,  
 And *Daphne* at the highest rate,  
 They Frenchifie their words at once,  
 And half they swallow, half pronounce.  
*Almeria* wou'd think life a load,  
 Except one half was spent abroad;  
 Fair *Cleopatra* is complete,  
 In the whole art of the coquette;  
 She has some beauty, but less wit,  
 She can't the art of marriage hit;  
 All her delight is in chit chat,  
 And who wore this and who wore that.  
 Always will *Rosalinda* charm,  
 While gold can move or fortune warm;  
 For she has that resistless grace,  
 Gold in the pocket and the face.  
*Laura* does ev'ry freedom take,  
 And *Phyllis* can with envy speak;  
 Oh, how backbiting, calumny,  
 Go down in th' evening with their tea;  
 The foibles of these gadding fair,  
 An hundred pens cou'd not declare;  
 'Tis pity but they're soldiers made,  
 For they are never from their *P'rade*;  
 They bear such hatred to the town,  
 That none but *Red Coats* will go down;  
 They all want husbands on my life,  
 And who gets each will get a wife.

Now let me strive to paint the fair,  
 Who blest with wit and beauty are ;  
 In *P---y's* form see majesty,  
 Exempt from pride and coquetry ;  
 Sense and good nature in her meet,  
 Stranger to envy and deceit ;  
 How happy is the man who'll find,  
 Charms in the body and the mind ;  
 The *G---ns* and *W---ds* all graceful prove,  
 And imitate the queen of love ;  
 Sisterly love is here display'd,  
 Sweetness with modesty array'd ;  
 That which can win the knowing youth,  
 Is native innocence and truth ;  
 And he that knows his interest,  
 Will, of two evils, choose the least ;  
*S---gs*, *L---d* and *V---t* each can please,  
 With unaffected, winning ease ;  
 Beauty from *L---y* does beam forth,  
 The maid can boast internal worth ;  
 In *L---s* without pride combine,  
 These charms that do unpractis'd shine ;  
 In *H---r* we, with pleasure, see  
 Good sense and sweetest modesty ;  
*P---ls* in blooming charms are drest,  
 Simplicity stands here exprest ;  
 No female tricks are here display'd,  
 That fill the town-bred artful maid ;  
*A---r---n* can with ease impart,  
 Pleasure to an obdurate heart ;  
 The *B---ts* next shall be my care,  
 What each deserves I'll give the fair ;



In them each requisite we find,  
 The sense to please or charm the mind ;  
*Nancy*, enrich'd by bount'ous heav'n,  
 Beauty and sense to her are given ;  
*Jenny* with graceful shape and mien,  
 Appears too like the *Paphian* queen ;  
 In *Nelly* too nought can we see,  
 But what from affectation's free ;  
 Good manners make a happy wife,  
 They sweeten ev'ry care of life.  
*T---y* with sweetness in her face,  
 And *W----b* with each transcendent grace ;  
 With lovely look and dimpl'd smile,  
 They do th' admirer's pain beguile :  
 To them are given these artless charms,  
 That might adorn a monarch's arms,  
 Make him his crown and sceptre leave,  
 To taste the joys that love can give.

Now for the widows and the wives,  
 Who lead the hearty, merry lives ;  
 The youthful dress and gaiety,  
 Behold in *T----- W----- L-----*  
 Oh, how they love to be ador'd,  
 The weeds and mourning on my word  
 Are signals for the men to board.  
 Because they know they court the men,  
 More than the ladies of sixteen.

No household care can *Portia* bind ;  
*Citronia* ne'er cou'd be confin'd ;  
*Lavinia* never yet cou'd bear  
 This marriage, it's an odious snare ;  
*Aspasia*, *Marcia*, *Beatrice*,  
 Have all the airs of youthful miss :

With

With paint and dress in vain they strive,  
 Youthful to look at forty-five;  
 Of balls and cards still do they rave,  
 When they have one foot in the grave;  
 They're much mistaken, it won't do,  
 To eat their cake and have it too;  
 Ladies I now come to conclude,  
 Pray do not say I have been rude;  
 I've only here penn'd down what I  
 Do in the fair each day descry;  
 Shou'd ye but ill reward my toil,  
 I hope the gentlemen will smile;  
 But if ye all 'count me a fool,  
 I'll curse the trade and burn the tools;  
 Return to cobling shoes again,  
 And never more thus rack my brain.



# A N A C R O S T I C.

I n *Churchill's* strains cou'd I my thoughts rehearse,  
 O r did the wit of *Pope* exalt my verse;  
 H is praise I'd sing who wrote in Freedom's cause,  
 N or wou'd he let base knaves infringe the laws.

W hen fawning fav'rites throng'd around the throne,  
 I n Patriot rage his free-born spirit shone;  
 L ord's threats he fear'd not, nor a minion's nod,  
 K ingdoms † refused for his country's good;  
 E xpos'd, his base, low ways to public scorn,  
 S awney must to his barren soil return.

† He was offered the government of *Canada*.



A  
P I C T U R E ‡  
OF THE  
A S S E M B L Y,  
INSCRIB'D TO THE UNIVERSALLY ADMIR'D  
L A D I E S  
OF THE CITY OF  
*L I M E R I C K.*

**Y**E *Lim'rick* Ladies, beautiful and gay,  
Where'er dispers'd in merry groupes ye stray,  
Pleas'd with the task my lines to ye belong,  
Ye still shall be the subject of my song;  
No more the critic verse the cobbler pours,  
For who can criticise on worth like yours:  
But as some envious tongues will never cease  
To vilifie the fair, fraught with each grace,

Pardon

‡ As some of the following lines bear a resemblance to  
BUCKS, HAVE AT YE ALL, it may not be improper to in-  
form the Reader, that it was first wrote in imitation of that  
Poem, and afterwards considerably lengthened.

Pardon me if the reason I reveal,  
 And strive to give a cure the wound to heal.  
 'Tis often said that if a country † clown,  
 Wou'd dress in scarlet ; comb his side-locks down ;  
 Then walk our Mall, that many of the fair,  
 Wou'd bid him to their company repair,  
 And take all pleasure in each senseless word,  
 Because the blockhead wore red, lace and sword ;  
 I'm made to think, but 'tis with much amaze,  
 That nought like red can *Lim'rick* Ladies please ;  
 Bright is their fancy, and by *Mars* I swear,  
 I love the army----they defend the fair ;  
 To them protection, peace to all it brings,  
 They bear commissions from the best of **KINGS**.  
 But some there are, tho' honour'd by their post,  
 To ev'ry sense of honour they are lost ;  
 Debauch'd at midnight, revel thro' the street,  
 And make a thrust at many that they meet :  
 They run in debt, but never mean to pay,  
 And when the rout arrives they steal away.  
 Some have I known, who bound by honour's tie,  
 Were fill'd with virtue and humanity ;  
 Wou'd study to redress an injur'd man,  
 And scorn to do an action base or mean ;  
 For helpless innocence wou'd lay no snare,  
 True to their word, and to their friend sincere.  
 And, Oh, ye Fair Ones, when their worth ye prove,  
 Give them your hand, and bless them with your love.  
 Scorn to encourage coxcombs, void of sense,  
 Replete with empty pride and ignorance ;                      So

† The Author would be very far from giving offence to any  
 Gentleman of the Army ; but those of a less honourable dis-  
 position, he is not afraid to paint them in their proper colours  
 as they only disgrace the names of *Gentleman* and *Soldier*.



So shall the men of worth your beauty prize,  
And fame shall raise your merit to the skies.

Whether ye grace the play-house, or the green,  
Or at old *B--l--d's* ye are weekly seen ;  
Ye fair assembl'd at bright *Venus'* call,  
By *Cupid's* arrows I'll have at ye all !  
By nature's hand the sparks of love are struck,  
Which wound that animal we call a---BUCK ;  
Nor is th' effect to him alone confin'd,  
It lives the same in ev'ry mortal's mind ;  
And seen or more or less in ev'ry one,  
From the great monarch to the simple clown.

Love is a blessing which indulgent heav'n,  
To sweeten ev'ry care of life has giv'n ;  
For this men will forsake what to them's dear,  
Regard no interest, nor no danger fear ;  
When rougher passions fill the human breast,  
In unisons of peace, love makes them stand exprest ;  
'Tis love that makes the monarch leave his throne,  
And, at the fair one's feet, lay kingdoms down ;  
It teaches more than e'en the greatest schools,  
Fools it makes wise, and wise men it makes fools.  
If the fair smiles,---'tis sweetness void of art,  
But, if she frowns---tear out this bleeding heart.  
For ever we must own their pow'rful sway,  
When they command, 'tis our part to obey :  
For instance now, when lovely *P--y* moves,  
Around her play a thousand little loves ;  
In her majestic form cobimn'd agree,  
The softest mildness and simplicity ;

On ev'ry side admiring BUCKS are seen,  
 Who cry aloud, Come see the *Paphian* queen!  
 When the fair *G---n*'s unnumber'd charms display,  
 Incessantly we gaze the hours away;  
 In ev'ry look shines native innocence,  
 Bestow'd by heav'n to captivate the sense.  
 Fair *W---pps* are the wonder of their sex,  
 To point their faults does ev'ry BUCK perplex,  
 And, *Dian* like, majestically tall,  
 They do excell the nymphs at ev'ry ball.  
 In *Polly H--ck--n* view the beaut'ous maid,  
 In her each fair perfection is display'd;  
*P---l*'s bright eyes give wounds no balm can cure,  
*Cupid*'s keen arrows strike not half so sure;  
 Youth's fairest charms in their bright forms appear,  
 Softness and sweet simplicity they wear.  
 The artless grace that does round † *S--m--r* move,  
 Unbends the heart to tenderness and love;  
 What endless bliss must all his moments crown,  
 Who makes this captivating maid his own.  
*Clare*'s county beauties fill the soul with love,  
 More than the nymphs who dwelt in *Ida*'s grove.  
 To *S--nt--ns* giv'n these graces that can charm;  
 And *T--m--s* might the coldest bosom warm;  
 Each smile of theirs might calm fierce passion's rage,  
 And ev'ry tumult in the breast assuage.  
 On *T--rn--y*, § *R---se* and *W--sb* we often gaze,  
 Fraught with each charm that can our fancy please,  
 Their winning sweetness fills us with amaze,  
 There dwell the graces in simplicity,  
 And innocence in all its gait.

† Miss Mary

§ Miss Betty.

If sense and wit to pure good nature join'd,  
 Can give a lustre to the female mind,  
*T--r--y*, in thee these requisites we find.  
*G--d--y*'s bright charms all pleasure can impart,  
 Her artless looks might melt a tyrant's heart.  
 A set of such fair ladies here resort,  
 That this alone we may call *Cupid's* court ;  
 Their ev'ry action's free from pride or art,  
 From sighs and leers that mark the coquette's heart.

Ye fair ones tutor'd at the boarding school,  
 Nay, do not laugh at me, nor call me fool ;  
 Ye who resolve to conquer soldier's hearts,  
 Ye need not study much the winning arts;  
 Your beauty is so bright, your worth so great,  
 That, I protest, they must capitulate.  
 One look of yours the tend'rest passions raise,  
 And make them sign whatever terms ye please.  
 Fair *W---e*, in dancing, does so much excell,  
 She's thought a goddess she performs so well ;  
*H--rd -y* is blest with native innocence,  
 And *C--ll--s* too can boast her share of sense :  
*B--w--n* and *M- --ll-- r*, sweetness does adorn,  
 Mild as the breeze that blows each Summer's morn.  
*S--lrs* with all the care of heav'n were made,  
*Nancy's* in beauteous majesty array'd.  
 Look at fair *Betty* and you'll own her sway,  
 If you'd a thousand hearts you'd look 'em all away ;  
 A blooming lustre shines on her bright face,  
 In ev'ry gesture a resistless grace ;  
 To see her smile, to see her graceful move,  
 Turns ev'ry thought to extacy and love.  
 The *P--rs* uncommon excellence can boast ;  
*Kitty* in ev'ry company's a toast ;

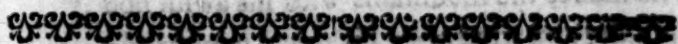
*Well*

*Molly* has charms that bid our joys encrease,  
 And form our anger into love and peace.  
 And all ye angels that preside o'er love,  
 Where'er the lovely maids are seen to rove,  
 Be watchful of them, hover round each head,  
 Let no anxiety their tender breasts invade.

Now I've explor'd some of our beauties thro',  
 And vainly strove to give each maid her due ;  
 So shou'd the lovely fair ones strive to gain,  
 The man of sense, and ev'ry fop disdain.  
 If I've forgot to mark minutely down,  
 Each beauty that adorns this envied town ;  
 I must not under their displeasure fall,  
 I've not the happiness to know them all.  
 Nor do I care the ladies to express,  
 Who do admire themselves to such excess,  
 That if I spoke, 'egad I'd be afraid,  
 That the next look I'd get wou'd strike me dead.  
 Some such I've got, but I am yet alive,  
 By their good nature destin'd to survive.  
 They will forgive the thoughtless stubborn Muse,  
 Who cou'd such faultless charms as theirs abuse.  
 From that same Muse they will these lines receive,  
 For they're the last that she to them will give ;  
 But e'er I take, perhaps, this last adieu,  
 Accept a wish that's form'd alone for you.  
 First that your bliss may rival that above,  
 May ye live happy with the men ye love ;  
 May honour's tie their ev'ry action bind,  
 Freedom of temper, and a gen'rous mind ;  
 May your blest choice from virtue never move,  
 May all their study be t' engage your love ;

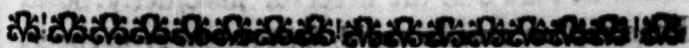


May godlike actions meet in them to blend;  
 The tender lover with the faithful friend;  
 May sweet content crown ev'ry peaceful day,  
 May all your hours be ever tranquil, gay;  
 May friendship, love, and rose-check'd blooming  
 peace,  
 Complete your joy and fix your happiness.



### Written on a W I N D O W.

**N**O poultry lines shall on this glass be seen;  
 But let me strive to tell of beauty's queen,  
 Be ever silent all my feeble lays,  
 Or let me sing in lovely *Zara's* praise;  
*Zara*, the matchless Fair, whose heav'nly charms,  
 Fill with delight, and each desire warms:  
 Beware, ye youth, of *Zara's* sparkling eyes  
 Her to behold, for *Jove's* too great a prize:  
 Oh, that I had a thousand tongues to move  
 The pity of the charming fair I love;  
 Cou'd I but write what is fair *Zara's* due.  
 Or had I all the skill great *Milton* knew;  
 Her least perfection cou'd I but rehearse,  
 Each window of the house I'd fill with verse.



On the Death of Lieutenant GEO. GORE,  
 late of the 12<sup>th</sup> R. Foot, *July*, 12, 1762.

**T**HE sword, the sash upon the coffin laid,  
 And mournful sighs denote the soldier dead;  
 Snatch'd





T H E

## P R O G R E S S   O F   L O V E.

Written at the Request of a GENTLEMAN  
after he had told the AUTHOR the Story  
of his PASSION for one of the FAIR  
SEX.

*Ludit Amor Sensus, Oculos perstringet, & aufert  
Libertatem Animi, mira nos fascinat Arte.* MARTIAL;

## I N T R O D U C T I O N.

**L**ET some refin'd, exalted genius sing,  
The pension-giving *Caledonian* string  
Of knaves, who did their sov'reign's trust betray,  
And strove to rule with arbitrary sway ;  
Let some affected, slighted sop hold forth,  
Rail at the fair, and count their's trifling worth,  
Blacken each grace that does with lustre shine,  
And curse the maid that was before divine :  
Of others let it be the only care,  
To sing of arms, of victory and war ;  
To sing the many conquests we have gain'd,  
How distant climes with human blood were stain'd ;  
Recount the many battles we have won,  
What wonders *Britons* in this war have done ;  
My humbler muse each faculty does move,  
Of love to sing, of heart-invading love :

What

What, like the tender theme of love can warm  
 A youthful breast, and all its passions charm?  
 At beauty's shrine even kings themselves lay down  
 Their sceptres, and all greatness do disown;  
 Sov'reigns and subjects must love's laws obey,  
 He makes them bend to his resistless sway;  
 He knows no difference in the poor or great,  
 But all alike are subject to his fate:  
 For this the soldier conquers his proud foe,  
 And will the greatest hardship undergo:  
 To sing its progress, pleasure, and its power,  
 I come, and try love's dictates to explore.

# L I B E R T Y.

• First let me call to mind in grateful lays,  
 The dear remembrance of the happy days,  
 The happy days that did in joy pass by,  
 With friendship blest'd, and sweet tranquillity;  
 Them days are gone, pleasure with them farewell,  
 Nothing but love can sooth (1) the grief I feel,  
 Them happy days that did so jocund move,  
 Then was my heart insensible to love,  
 From all its fair allurements I was free,  
 Then cou'd I boast my precious liberty.  
 Scarce before *Sol* forsook the radiant East,  
 And the blue sky with all its beauty dress'd;  
 I rose each morning with the earliest dawn,  
 And then I sought the dew-besprinkl'd lawn;  
 Around I view'd the wonders of the Lord,  
 What fruitful plains his goodness did afford:

Some-

(1) For the death of a Sister which the Gentleman lost about that time.



Sometimes I did upon the *Shannon* glide,  
 While curling waves o'ertopp'd it's swelling tide;  
 And when the Sun had reach'd his glory's top,  
 Convers'd a while with *Milton* or with *Pope*;  
 With them I fought the cool, refreshing shade,  
 Where the Sun's heat, retirement can't invade;  
 At evening o'er the walks of *Lim'rick* stray,  
 Where many a swain has gaz'd his heart away;  
 And tho' I saw some beauty in each eye,  
 Unheeded, I cou'd let them all pass by;  
 No charms affected cou'd my heart enthrall,  
 By *Delia's* beauty I was doom'd to fall.

### FALLING IN LOVE.

THUS did each day glide on in joy and peace;  
 But cou'd I think that it so soon wou'd cease?  
 Soon I must leave, alas! these joys, to prove  
 The pain, the pleasure, and the pow'r of love.  
 Blest be the day thro' each revolving year,  
 For ever may it be serene and fair;  
 Oh, let me ne'er forget the well known day,  
 That saw me own my *Delia's* gentle sway;  
 Mine did I say, ah, why in so much haste,  
 That bliss wou'd be too great for me to taste:  
 I look'd, but oh! to love what need I more,  
 And what love was I never knew before;  
 With wonder fill'd, I view'd her lovely face,  
 Each unaffected, native, matchless grace,  
 There beauty it's transcendent lustre show'd,  
 Excelling sweetness in each feature glow'd;  
 Fair as the charms of virtue pure, refin'd,  
 That spread their lustre o'er a virgins mind.

No town-bred airs to raise an unchaste flame,  
 But such as well deserv'd the purest name ;  
 There dwelt each grace that pleasure can impart,  
 And ev'ry look might warm the coldest heart ;  
 I look'd, but th' unnerring dart I did not feel,  
 'Till I had found it pierc'd my heart like steel ;  
 In vain I strove to cure the fatal wound,  
 My greatest efforts all were vain I found.  
 Ye flirts and prudes, said I so proud, so gay,  
 What practis'd beauty can ye now display ?  
 Ye vain coquettes in all your chit chat sphere,  
 Where shall I find a maid, like *Delia* fair.

## A D M I R A T I O N.

*Venus* thou queen of beauty and of love,  
 And little *Cupid* too with wings like dove ;  
 Hover around me while I strive to tell,  
 The pleasure that with constant love does dwell.  
*Delia* to thee does ev'ry line belong.  
*Delia* for thee I make my verse, my song ;  
 'Twas *Delia* first inspir'd my earliest lays,  
 'Twas then I strove to write in *Delia's* praise ;  
 In *Delia's* praise the valley's maze shall ring,  
 Of *Delia's* charms let me ne'er cease to sing :  
 When I alone stray'd thro' the winding vale,  
 Where lovers often tell an am'rous tale,  
 I talk'd of *Delia* while with love I burn'd.  
 And bounding echo her lov'd name return'd ;  
 As I have meditated in the bower,  
 Beset all round with ev'ry sort of flower,  
 I've gather'd handfuls of the pink and rose,  
 And did each letter of her name compose ;

The

Then plac'd in order on the tufted ground,  
 That they by lovely *Delia* might be found ;  
 To shew the maid with brightest beauty fraught,  
 To her I dedicated ev'ry thought.  
 When I beheld fair *Delia*'s eyes so bright,  
 My very heart was fill'd with soft delight ;  
 Contending passions in my breast were toss'd,  
 And all my reason and my sense were lost ;  
 Struck with surprize, and frantic with amaze,  
 On *Delia* I cou'd never cease to gaze ;  
 I sought the place that *Delia* did frequent,  
 Staid where she staid, and follow'd where she went,  
 When absent from the dear, the lovely fair,  
 I wrote, I talk'd, I thought of none but her.

### J E A L O U S Y.

How much I've lov'd, witness ye gentle pow'rs,  
 That have presid'd o'er those happy hours,  
 In peace and joy they danc'd their daily round,  
 In lov'dg *Delia* ev'ry wish I found ;  
 'Twas love and *Delia* at each days return,  
 And ev'ry day made love more fiercely burn ;  
 Too fast I let the fatal passion plead,  
 Nor did I ever think what wou'd succeed ;  
 In love's fair bark I ventur'd all my store,  
 Hoping to reach some hospitable shore,  
 Where I might find some medicine to ease,  
 And cool the fire that did my vitals seize ;  
 A while I calmly plough'd the liquid plain,  
 With gentle breezes and refreshing rain ;  
 But soon the scene was chang'd and nought was seen,  
 But black'ning clouds, with bursting storms between ;  
 On rocks and quicksands I was quickly toss'd,  
 And all my treasure in the billows lost.

The Thus

Thus when I heard, forgotten be the day!  
 That I did hear some envious person say,  
 Some fav'rite youth was to receive the maid,  
 Joy of his life, and partner of his bed;  
 Then did I curse the day that gave me birth,  
 And wish that I was buried in the earth;  
 Then madness seiz'd my tortur'd, anxious breast,  
 It may be felt, but cannot be express'd!  
 Even then I wish'd, *Delia* might happy be,  
 'Though I were driven to endless misery.  
 When *Delia* in the sprightly dance I've seen,  
 Her winning shape, her careless ease and mien,  
 Whene'er I saw an envied partner by,  
 My heart was fill'd with fear and jealousy.

## D E S P A I R.

With fears and jealousy, to see him stand,  
 Close by her side, and touch her lovely hand;  
 See ev'ry smitten youth her form admire,  
 Oh! how it aded fuel to my fire;  
 For who can tell the torment that does move  
 The breast of him that's rival'd in his love;  
 And who cou'd e'er describe a lover's pain,  
 When thoughts like these does in his bosom reign?  
 But why ye Gods! Why was I doom'd to wear  
 Her chain! who is so exquisitely fair?  
 So fair, that had great *Jove* beheld the prize,  
 To change his form, he ne'er had left the skies.  
 One look I gave, but oh! that one alone!  
 Saw my heart lost, and all my freedom gone.  
 And as a stranger on the *Afric* sand,  
 Travels along, and no relief at hand,



No chryſtal ſpring his drooping heart to cheer,  
 No light to guide him, and no cottage near,  
 At length o'ercome with heat and out of breath,  
 He ſits him down to wait for welcome death:  
 E'en ſo cou'd I meet his deſtroying dart,  
 For black deſpair had ſeiz'd my love-ſick heart;  
 Love, *Delia* and deſpair my heart poſſeſs'd,  
 They robb'd my days of peace, my nights of reſt;  
 Diſtraſtion ſeiz'd me, and I rav'd, I burn'd,  
 And all my thoughts to love and madneſs turn'd:  
 "Rash youth ſtop there," ſaid love and beauty's  
 queen,

"I ne'er deſtroy'd thoſe that have faithful been,

"The maid is not inſenſible to love,

"I've ſent my boy her tender heart to move;

"How much you love, I bid him *Delia* tell,

"And now her breaſt does gen'rous pity feel.

### H O P E.

Thus did a gleam of hope revive my heart,  
 And joy unſpeakable to me impart;  
 Contending paſſions then to war did ceaſe,  
 Then did my boſom harbour ſmiling peace;  
 And as a ſailor that has ſhipwreck'd been,  
 Laſt of the crew, he floats upon the main,  
 Some ſhatter'd maſt he grasps with eager ſtrife,  
 Hoping he may prolong his precious life;  
 Soon as he ſees ſome wiſh'd for help draw nigh,  
 His drooping ſoul revives with thanks and joy:  
 Such was my joy when next with ſweet ſurprize,  
 I met the glances of fair *Delia*'s eyes;

I met

I met her sparkling eyes, and oh ! from thee,  
 For all my pain it was full recompence ;  
 Each look cou'd wound without the aid of art,  
 Each look might warm the coldest, hardest heart ;  
 Then did I doubly bless the happy hour,  
 That saw me own love's gentle, pleasing pow'r.  
 What art thou loſe ! that kings themſelves obey ?  
 And conq'rors too muſt bend beneath thy ſway,  
 It makes them leave their kingdom and their crown,  
 And condeſcend all grandeur to lay down ;  
 It conſtitutes our earthly happineſs,  
 The pleaſure of pure love, pen can't expreſs.  
 And ſoothing hope, thou offspring of ſome God,  
 Without thee, life itſelf wou'd be a load ;  
 The wretch that does all miſery endure,  
 'Tis hope alone his comfort can procure,  
 When the fond youth is caught with love's ſurprize,  
 Hope buoys him up, and all his wiſhes riſe,  
 And when with jealous thoughts his boſom burns,  
 He hopes he's wrong, and then his ſenſe returns.

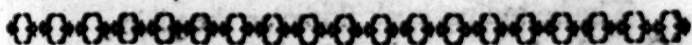
#### A B S E N C E.

Of Abſence now unwillingly I ſing,  
 For that's a theme that can no pleaſure bring ;  
 When *Delia's* abſent, abſent is all joy,  
 No pleaſing ſubject can my thoughts employ ;  
 Except it be to tell my Beauty's Queen,  
 That when I do frequent the rural ſcene,  
 With brooks I murmur, and to rocks complain,  
 And ſay, ah, when will ſhe return again ?  
 Bear it to her, thou breeze, how much I love,  
 And, ye ſoft winds, that whiſper thro' the grove,  
With

With me these rural prospects seem to mourn  
 Fair *Delia*'s stay, and wish for her return ;  
 And, all ye Angels, that protect the fair,  
 Let *Delia* be your greatest, constant care ;  
 Grant to her peaceful nights and joyful days,  
 With ev'ry thing that can our fancy please ;  
 Ye flow'rs where'er the lovely maid does stray,  
 With all your scented sweets perfume the way.

### CONSTANCY.

In what soft language shall I now express,  
 And tell the dearest maid my love's excess ?  
 Yes *Delia*, while this tide of life remains,  
 My love-bred pleasures, and my love-bred pains ;  
 E'en tho' distraction seiz'd on me to death,  
 And I was going to resign my breath ;  
 I'd clasp thy lovely image in my arms,  
 Gaze on each grace and bless thy matchless charms ;  
 Shou'd I be doom'd t' inhabit the bleak shore,  
 Where the North blast and tempests ever roar ;  
 Tho' I were banish'd to the Torrid Zone,  
 Of *Delia*'s charms I'd sing of her's alone.



### Ode to a COUNTRY LIFE.

Inscribed to Mrs. JANE LYSAGHT.

**H**OW happy is a country life,  
 How full of mirth, and peace and joy ;  
 How free from envy, care and strife,  
 Harmless sports their time employ ;  
 How full of rosy colour'd health,  
 Unlike the transient joys of wealth :

How

**How blest are they who spend each peaceful hour,  
Beneath the cheat of knaves, or frowns of haughty  
pow'r.**

**Strangers to lewdness and to vice,**

**Strangers to all wantonness ;**

**Strangers to base avarice,**

**Strangers to sloth and to excess :**

**Free from foul debauchery,**

**Full of fair frugality :**

**Strange to the flatt'ring crowd the court employs,  
The town's perplexing care, and city's bustling  
noise.**

**The warbling, feather'd songsters notes,**

**Harmoniously our ear delight ;**

**The shady groves and cooling grotts,**

**Captivate th' enraptur'd fight ;**

**All the wholesome air is fill'd**

**With the fragrance of the field :**

**The fruitful plains with golden grain o'er ran,  
All shew how lavish, Heav'n has been to thankless  
man.**

**What pleasing prospect to behold**

**The bounding buck skip o'er the plain ;  
Or under hedge, or in the fold,**

**The fleecy flock secure from rain :**

**The chrystal brooks in gurgling rills,**

**Tumbling from the pebb'l'd hills :**

**Behold the horn'd herd ascend the steep,  
Or from a height survey the boundless, azure deep.  
The husbandman in the simplest lays,**

**While at his work a sonnet sings,**

**When Sol with his all-chearing rays,**

**The ripen'd yellow Harvest brings :**

What



What joy ! to see him sink beneath the skies,  
And in the clouds a thousand beauties rise :

What joy ! to see at morn his beaming light,  
Peep thro' the lofty elm, and fill all with delight.  
What pleasure the fleet stag to chase ?

The cunning fox, or hare surprize  
In ambush wait ; the snipe to pass,  
Or 'lure the salmon with false flies :

Or when bright Sol's in mid-day pow'r,  
With *Young* or *Milton* spend an hour :  
Or hand in hand, with *Delia* wind the vale,  
And contemplate the Heav'ns ; or tell some tender  
tale.

How happy then must be the hours,  
That are in calm retirement spent ?  
Where envy ne'er can shew its power,  
Ambition nor black discontent :

Where all around the spacious green,  
The goodness of our GOD is seen :  
The tender lambkins in the valley's maze,  
All seem to tell with joy, their great Creator's praise,  
Grant Heav'n, that I may still be free

From want, not curs'd with too much wealth,  
Contented let me always be,

Give me that choicest blessing health :

O let me shun the hurtful ways,  
That run in folly's winding maze.

Where'er I live, whate'er my time employs,  
Teach me the paths, O Lord, that lead to lasting  
joys.

L

Q<sup>a</sup>



ON THE RECOVERY OF  
EDMOND SEXTEN PERY, Esq;

FEBRUARY 1763.

INSCRIBED TO  
MRS. J A N E P E R Y.

**T**HE day that brings the welcome news,  
Let joy thro' ev'ry breast diffuse,  
And sorrow now depart :  
Returning life to PERY's giv'n,  
The fav'rite of mankind and HEAV'N,  
Who reigns in ev'ry heart :  
Be blest the day that saw our hope survive,  
Justly by all belov'd, long, long may PERY live.

When late we heard that Heav'n was pleas'd  
Our worthy patriot shou'd be seiz'd,  
With fever's raging pow'r ;  
All *Lim'rick's* joy to grief did turn,  
Just cause she'd have the loss to mourn,  
On her his gifts does show'r :  
She knows he is her best, her greatest friend,  
That with his precious life her grandeur's rise must  
end.

Not she alone, but all the land,  
Must own that he did always stand,  
The first in freedom's cause ;

His

His honest heart, free from deceit,  
 Envy herself did on him wait,  
 To crown him with applause :  
 'Midst Commons spoke, and still success he found  
 His strong persuasive speech with truth was always  
 crown'd.

Faithful as wife, just and sincere ;  
 Unwearied ; to his trust still near,  
 In ev'ry threat'ning hour ;  
 Th' ALMIGHTY heard his suppliants call,  
 A victim wou'd not let him fall,  
 To death's resistless pow'r :  
 Bad him begone ;—and health to PERY gives,  
 In strains of thanks and joy, HIBERNIA shout he  
 lives.



Written on the COVER of a LOOKING  
 GLASS, a SKELETON being painted  
 on the Glass.

THIS Cover conceals

Two images ;

The one universally lov'd,

And the other

Almost as universally hated,

Whoever desires to see them

Instead

( 84 )

Instead of flattering

Their pride;

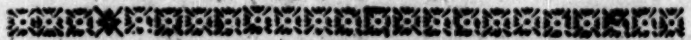
Let it remind them,

That all the bloom, beauty and strength  
Of the one,

Will in a few days,

Be pale, poor and emaciated

As the other.



## A DRINKING SONG.

**L**OOK, ye Bucks, into that bowl,  
That with Western juice o'erflows;  
The sight of that revives the soul,

See what charms it does disclose,  
Since we're met let mirth abound,  
Let no dulness here be found;  
Of our time let's make the most,  
First our noble selves we'll toast.

Now, my friends, your grief remov'd,  
Let the glasses all be fill'd;  
*Alexander* drinking lov'd,

More than conq'ring in the field:  
Inspired by this brave soldiers fight,  
To save from slavish power their right,  
Long may they fame and glory bring,  
Here's a health to *George* our King.

Le



Let the glass again go round,  
 Never mind dull preaching fools;  
 In it there's more wisdom found,  
 Than in philosophic schools;  
 This does form our hearts for love,  
 Makes us blest as Gods above,  
 Frees us from anxiety,  
 Here's liquor, love and loyalty.

Fill again, my noble souls,  
 Never let dull thoughts perplex;  
 Pleasure in a bumper rolls,  
 More than in the fond Fair Sex:  
 Let us banish ev'ry fear,  
 And ne'er harbour dull despair,  
 Leave to husbands care and strife,  
 Here's a short and merry life.

Fill each bumper up again,  
 There is nothing like a glass;  
 It expels tormenting pain,  
 And brings joy in every place:  
 We are happier than Kings,  
 When we laugh, and drink and sing,  
 It sets our hearts from trouble free,  
 Here's health, joy and liberty.

Seize again the sparkling glass,  
 We must not forget the Fair;  
 Let us toast each lovely lass,  
 That is free from prudish fear:  
 Next to this they bring us joy,  
 They do each fond wish employ,

If the kind and constant proves,  
Each of us drink the lass he loves.

Let each glass again be seiz'd,  
May we ne'er of this be scant ;  
May we all be rightly pleas'd,  
In what e'er we wish or want,  
May we always be content,  
With the lot kind Heav'n has sent,  
May we ne'er ungrateful prove,  
May we live happy with them we love.

One glass more to end the song,  
And a sentiment express ;  
May our days all glide along,  
In sweet peace and happiness,  
May our lives be free from fear,  
And from heart-corroding care,  
'Till they have a happy end,  
May we ne'er want a bottle or friend.

F I N I S

